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The Lounger

MR. ST. LOE STRACHEY, editor of the London *Spectator*, has interested himself in artistic homes for the English poor. Not only artistic but inexpensive. They cost as little as \$750.00 and have conveniences that the average English laborer's cottage usually lacks. It would be a good thing if some of our wealthy manufacturers took a hint from "The Book of Cheap Cottages" in building for their employees. Anything more hideous than the usual American laborer's cottage could hardly be imagined. It is simply an unattractive box. One thing is to be noticed among English laborers, or perhaps I should say English laborers' wives,—and that is their love of flowers. The humblest cottage in England is ornamented with vines, and the humblest garden gay with flowers. The dearth of flower gardens in this country—that is, among the poor, or even the well-to-do, is one of the first things to strike a foreigner. You can travel for miles through the New England farm countries, for example, and it is very rarely that you see a flower garden. There may be shrubs or trees but few flowers.

When Sidney Lanier died he left a

widow and three or four sons. He died poor, as he had lived poor, but his widow by heroic efforts educated her young family, and they are now, all who are old enough, successful business men. Charles D. is the president of the Review of Reviews Company, Henry W. is a partner of Doubleday, Page, & Company, and the editor of *Country Life in America*, while a younger brother is with the *Review of Reviews*.

Speaking of Mr. Lanier reminds me that for the first time there is an adequate life of his father, the late Sidney Lanier, the poet. This life tells the story of the struggle of Lanier for recognition. Though he has a much wider circle of admirers to-day than he had at any time during his life, he is still "caviare to the general." During her lifetime, Charlotte Cushman did more than any one else to attract the attention of the public to Lanier. Since his death he has been written about a great deal, but I doubt if outside of a cultivated few his name, much less his work, is known. His biographer, Mr. Edwin Mims, thinks it is still too soon to give Lanier his proper place among American or English poets.

One of the most important biographies of the season is the "Life of James Anthony Froude," by Herbert Paul, of which Messrs. Scribner are the publishers. A large amount of new and interesting material in regard to Froude's life and career has been brought together, and this fact, together with Mr. Paul's gifts as a writer,

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney, a reproduction of whose portrait by her lamented husband is given herewith, has achieved a pleasant reputation as the author of "Romance of the French Abbeys." Mrs. Champney during the lifetime of her husband spent most of her summers in France, where she collected material for her books.



MRS. ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY
From a pastel by J. Wells Champney

should not only make an interesting but an entertaining biography. Mr. Paul has been assisted in the preparation of the book by Miss Froude and Mr. Ashley Froude, the historian's only son. I understand that there will be no allusion to the unpleasant features of the Carlyle controversy, for which we cannot be too grateful.

It is interesting to note the number of writers who are buying farms in Connecticut. Up around New Hartford, which is in the northern part of the State, several well-known writers have bought abandoned farms, and also in Fairfield County, which is nearer New York. Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine has bought an old house, a brook, and some thirty acres in the township of Redding, while within the last week or two Miss Ida M. Tarbell, who has made herself famous by her "History of the Standard Oil Company" and her attacks upon Mr. John D. Rockefeller, has bought a beautiful old farm in the same township. There was a time when the writing fraternity hovered around the confines of Grub Street, but now it is breaking away from the city and buying farms among the hills of New England. The pioneer in this direction was Miss Kate Sanborn, who wrote a most interesting book about her experiences as an abandoned farmer.

Among the women writers who have bought farms in New England is Miss Helen M. Winslow, who nearly four years ago bought the De Horte mansion at Shirley, Mass. Miss Winslow finds that she can do a great deal more work, and better work, in the quiet of the country. A recent story, "Spinster Farm," is founded on some of her own experiences.

The most lively contribution to our magazine pages is "The Commercialization of Literature" by Mr. Henry Holt, the well-known publisher, which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Holt answers categorically a recently published volume of "Publish-

Schillings's remarkable book, "Flashlights in the Jungle," is published by Messrs. Doubleday, Page, & Co. The photographs in this book, numbering 320, were secured by Dr. Schillings in the heart of Africa. They show for the first time the wild beast in his na-



THE OLD DE HORTE MANSION AT SHIRLEY, MASS.
The Residence of Miss Helen M. Winslow

er's Confessions," and says many true and many amusing things. While the article will be particularly enjoyed by publishers and authors, it still furnishes much interesting reading for the general public. Mr. Holt's vigorous personality stands out in every line of this article. It would be most interesting to hear an author's confessions—particularly one of the several authors at whom Mr. Holt's shafts of sarcasm are aimed.

Messrs. Brentano make the interesting announcement of a complete and uniform edition, the first time in English, of the writings of Prosper Merimée, translated from the French by Mr. George Saintsbury, Professor of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. This shows not only enterprise but excellent taste on the part of Messrs. Brentano.

The authorized edition of Dr. C. B.

tive haunts. Dr. Schillings played "Peeping Tom" to the lions, tigers, zebras, hyenas, giraffes, and other native animals, and snapped his camera and flashed his flashlight on them while they were off their guard. Messrs. Doubleday, Page, & Co. paid many thousand dollars for the original photographs and for the rights to publish the book in this country. As the book was not originally copyrighted here they have only the "courtesies of the trade" to protect them. It was of the author of this book that President Roosevelt said: "The man who wrote that book shares the true spirit of a sportsman, and is just what I want a sportsman and hunter to be."

There seems to be an effort nowadays among authors to get strange titles for their books. Sometime ago Mr. Ridgely Torrence published a little book called "The House of a Hundred



Photo by

F. Hollyer, London

THE LATE MR. HENRY HARLAND

Lights." Now Mr. Meredith Nicholson goes him several better with a new novel called "The House of a Thousand Candles." By the side of a thousand candles a hundred lights would make little showing in the dark. Now let us have "The House of Five Thousand Electric Lights."

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Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) has recently finished a new novel in which a nonconformist is the hero. The hero is in strong contrast to the character of Robert Orange, the Roman Catholic, about whom there has been so much discussion. Mrs. Craigie is herself a Roman Catholic, but her father, Mr. John Morgan Richards, is not only a Protestant but he is a nonconformist, and was a leading light in the Dr. Parker's City Temple. Arrangements have just been made, by the way, for the publication of Mr. Richards's book—"With John Bull and Jonathan"—by Messrs. Appleton. Mr. Richards has just returned to England. His book, the story of his experiences rather than a novel, contains a frontispiece portrait of himself, with pictures of Mrs. Craigie at various ages.

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In this Mr. Richards gives this interesting picture of his gifted daughter, in her childhood:

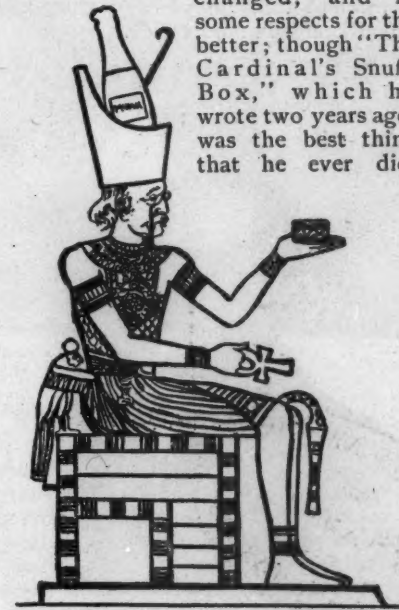
The dramatic instinct was so strong that she entreated me to buy a toy theatre for her, with paste-board figures representing the characters; and she would invent the story to fit the drama, making little speeches for each character as she pushed them onto the stage. This love of the theatre, I should confess, she may have inherited from me.

A governess at the school she attended told my wife in great alarm that Pearl was in the habit of sitting on a table, with the girls around her crying with laughter at her imitations of the men and women she had met in the street.

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The recent death of Henry Harland, at San Remo, Italy, recalls many memories. Mr. Harland was a *protégé* of Edmund Clarence Stedman, and it was through Mr. Stedman that his first book, "As It Is Written," was published. I was literary adviser of the

American branch of Cassell & Company at the time, and the manuscript was given me to read without any mention of Mr. Stedman's name or that of the author. It was signed with the pen-name "Sidney Luska." It was written in the author's hand, not typewritten, but it was as easy to read as print. Not being a very long story, I read it in an evening and strongly advised its publication. It was published, and with success. After that the same firm published other of Mr. Harland's Jewish stories, for, curiously enough, his first three books dealt with Jewish life in New York, and so cleverly that no one thought for a moment that the author was not a Hebrew. After Mr. Harland went to England and got in with the set that made the "Yellow Book" possible, his style changed, and in some respects for the better; though "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," which he wrote two years ago, was the best thing that he ever did,



MR. JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS AS PRESIDENT OF THE SPHINX CLUB; A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED CARTOON BY MR. F. C. GOULD
From "With John Bull and Jonathan"

and gave him a place among contemporary writers that nothing that he had written before could possibly have done, clever as those early books were.

It seems to be the fashion to write in epigrams nowadays. Some time ago John Oliver Hobbes was the only person who made a specialty of the epigram, but now they all do it. Some of the most amusing are to be found in "The Secret Kingdom," by Frank Richardson:

No woman ever discovers that she was married at sixteen until she is well advanced in her decadence.

When all is said and done, a woman is as young as a man can make her feel.

Fashion is never funny. It may be beautiful, or it may be ugly; but it is always serious.

In a man optimism is the result of love, pessimism the result of liver.

Mr. Richardson has the usual English idea of the American girl, which is that she is the daughter of a self-made, and not very well-made father; that her name is "Mame"; that she chews gum, and talks in a slang that was never heard on land or sea.

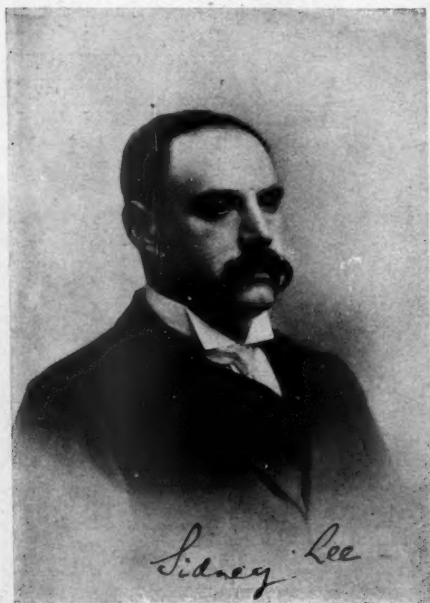


Photo by Russell & Son

MR. SIDNEY LEE

Author of "A Life of William Shakespeare," &c.

Miss Mary MacLeod is fortunate in having her Shakespeare story-book introduced by so distinguished a Shake-

spearian student as Mr. Sidney Lee. That Mr. Lee recommends this book is sufficient to insure its success if that success were not assured by its own qualities.

The dramatization of his novel, "The Clansman," by Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., has proved so successful in the South that it is to be produced at the Liberty Theatre in this city early in the present month. Of all the novels that Mr. Dixon has written, "The Clansman" is the one that lends itself the best to dramatization.

In a volume of recollections with the striking name "Fifty Years of Failure" there is an interesting anecdote:

A painter friend and I went into the club one day, and found a member thereof sitting on the table in the morning room. There was an air of mystery about the whole proceedings. To this member entered James McNeill Whistler; the member got off the table, and expressed his intention of giving Whistler a thrashing. Then the row began. Whistler was not a big man, but it ended in his opponent going down the stairs very much more quickly than he would have done by his own volition.

The title, "Fifty Years of Failure," suggests that of the late Rev. Mortley D. Babcock's little book, "The Success of Defeat." Both of these books, while they chronicle failure, are optimistic in their outlook.

An enterprising London publisher, who inaugurated the successful First Novel Series, has now supplemented his scheme by a Last Novel Series. I would suggest that some American publisher take up this idea, and I could also suggest to him the names of several authors still writing whom I would like to see in the series.

Mr. W. W. Story, the American sculptor and poet, has come to America, and will take a studio in New York, intending to divide his time hereafter between that city and Rome, where he has for so many years made his home.

Some years ago Mr. Story published a most delightful volume of recollections. He has lived such a full life, however, since then that he could easily write another volume of equal interest. Mr. Story's most famous contribution to literature is his poem, "Cleopatra," which has been recited as often as Longfellow's "Building of the Ship."



The first volume of the much-talked-of "Memoirs" of Sir Wemyss Reid is published by Cassell & Co. When the second volume will be published no one knows. Sir Wemyss Reid was a journalist and a man of affairs, a member of many clubs, and a man with a large circle of friends, including Gladstone in politics and every one in literature. The first volume extends from 1842 to 1885, and in it he records his impressions of men and events up to the latter year. The second volume carries the "Memoirs" down to within a few weeks of Sir Wemyss Reid's death, and is withheld because it contains political revelations which cannot yet be published. There is a good deal about Lord Roseberry in this second volume, and it is said that his lordship is quite willing to have it published; but the author's literary executors doubt the advisability, notwithstanding Lord Roseberry's assurance, and no one knows when it will be published.



Mrs. Margaret Deland, who has not written a novel for several years, has just finished one which has successfully begun its serial publication in *Harper's Magazine*. The publishers kept dark as to the subject-matter of this novel, but they are banking heavily on its success. Mrs. Deland is to be complimented on her literary reticence. It is unusual in these days for a successful novelist to allow several years to elapse between novels.



"Trilby" as a book may be gathering dust on the library shelves, but as a play it is going on its successful career, with the original Svengali, Mr. Wilton Lackaye, to the fore.

If there is anything in getting a word of commendation from the President, Mr. Madison J. Cawein's new volume,



Photo by Bangs

MR. WILTON LACKAYE AS SVENGALI

"The Vale of the Temple," should attract more attention than poetry usually does. Mr. Cawein has long been known to readers of verse as a poet with a charming talent, not very great, but genuine. It was of Mr. Cawein that the late H. C. Bunner wrote many years ago in *Puck* some verses lamenting that any man should turn his attention to poetry. I cannot recall a whole stanza of this "poem," but I remember that it ended with the line that "Madison J. Cawein has a hard row to hoe." Mr. Bunner did not mean Mr. Cawein alone, but any man who hoped to gain recognition through the medium of verse.

In the new edition of Miss Agnes Repplier's "In Our Convent Days," will be a frontispiece portrait of Miss Repplier and Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell taken when they were school-girls together.

Our magazine editors apparently believe that reminiscences, biographies, autobiographies, diaries, letters, and such like are quite as interesting to their readers as fiction. The sum, \$50,000, paid by the *Century Magazine* for the Hay-Nicolay "Life of Lincoln" in serial form is twice as much as was ever paid for any novel; and I am told that *McClure's Magazine* has paid even more for the serial rights of Carl Schurz's, "Memoirs" now running through its columns. The Waddington papers were among the most interesting published in *Scribner's*, and now diaries and letters of George Bancroft, the famous American historian, are to be published in that magazine. Mr. Bancroft was a very old man at the time of his death, and had known during the course of his interesting life such famous men as Byron, Lafayette, Goethe, Humboldt, Lamartine, Guizot, Bismarck, and Moltke.

The Rev. Percy Grant, of the Church of the Ascension, whose sermons are distinguished for their contemporaneous human interest, has just published a volume of poems—"Ad Matrem"—through the Cheltenham Press. The Cheltenham Press, by the way, is Mr. Ingalls Kimball, an original member of the firm of Stone & Kimball, which was organized and doing a good business while its two members were Harvard undergraduates.

In reply to many inquiries I beg to state that Miss Elisabeth Luther Cary's "Studies" of George Meredith's novels will be published in book form before long.

For the benefit of those who do not know the tricks of English pronuncia-

tion, I may say that the name of the hero of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "Fenwick's Career," is pronounced as though there were no "w" in it—Fen'ick. There is a foundation of fact in this story as well as in most of those written by Mrs. Ward. This author does not pretend to follow the lives of her originals absolutely; she simply takes them as the foundation. The "Fenwick" of her new story is apparently the painter Romney. There is a guess that the heroine is Lady Hamilton, but I have heard this emphatically denied by those who ought to know best.

Mrs. Carter Harrison, the wife of Chicago's ex-Mayor, has a new fairy-book ready, "The Moon Princess." One would not suppose that the thoughts of the wife of a Chicago Mayor would turn to fairyland, but apparently they do.

It is pleasant to know that a book of such gentle qualities as Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard's "The Island of Tranquil Delights" is in its third edition. In these days the very title of the book is restful after so much of the strenuous life in prose and poetry.

A platform partnership has been formed between Mr. Jerome K. Jerome and Mr. Charles Battell Loomis. This mixture of English and American humor ought to be interesting.

It is not alone members of the theatrical profession who have press agents. Certain authors seem to find them harmless necessary adjuncts to their profession. I am in receipt of a note sent out by an agent in which his author is described as a "well-known society leader," and later on in the paragraph as "the representative of one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Boston." Still farther on in the paragraph it is announced that "he enjoys the distinction of being one of two unofficial Americans presented by the



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MR. JEROME K. JEROME

American Ambassador to King Edward VII. at the first levee held in St. James's Palace by a King of England since the reign of William IV." Just what bearing this has upon his ability as a writer is not made quite clear.



The character of Mr. Winston Churchill's new novel may be inferred from the fact that it is to be illustrated by

Mrs. Florence Scovel Shinn. Mrs. Shinn's illustrations it is well known are of the humorous sort, and have done much to enliven even such lively pages as those of "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Susan Clegg."



Speaking of poetry, the John Lane Company has just published a new



Photo by Beresford

THE LATE LAURENCE HOPE

volume of verse by the late Laurence Hope. I have spoken before of "The Garden of Kama: An Indian Love," and "Stars of the Desert," by this author, and with praise. Laurence Hope, who in private life was Violet Nicolson, was a woman of tremendous passions. How much of the poems that she has printed were translations, how much her own, it would be hard to say; but I imagine if they are translations that the author put as much of herself into

them as FitzGerald did into his translations of the "Rubaiyat." This new volume, "Indian Love," is the last that we will get from Laurence Hope, for, quite in character with her writings and temperament, she committed suicide, through grief over the death of her husband, only a few months ago. The poems in "Stars of the Desert" were the finest of this writer, but there are separate poems in other volumes that are quite up to the best of these. From

the present volume I quote this beautiful lyric called "My Desire":

Fate has given me many a gift
To which men must aspire,
Lovely, precious, and costly things,
But not my heart's desire.

Many a man has a secret dream
Of where his soul would be;
Mine is a low, verandahed house,
In a tope beside the sea.

Over the roof tall palms should wave,
Swaying from side to side,
Every night we should fall asleep
To the rhythm of the tide.

The dawn should be gay with songs of birds,
And the stir of fluttering wings;
Surely the joy of life is hid
In simple and tender things!

At eve the waves would shimmer with gold
In the rosy sunset rays,
Emerald velvet flats of rice
Would rest the landward gaze.

A boat must rock at the laterite steps
In a reef-protected pool,
For we should sail through the starlit night
When the winds were calm and cool.

I am so tired of all this world,
Its folly and fret and care,
Find me a little scented home
Amongst thy loosened hair.

Many a man has a secret dream
Of where his life might be;
Mine is a lovely, lonely place
With sunshine and the sea.

I have been at some pains to get this portrait of the late Laurence Hope, whose death by her own hand has already been chronicled in this magazine. Her posthumous volume, "Indian Love," is reviewed by Miss Edith M. Thomas on another page. The well-known English critic Richard Garnett, writing of her in the London *Bookman*, says:

Had Laurence Hope, like George Sand, been capable of transferring her emotional enthusiasm to historical romance, or social politics, or the idyll of country life, she might have won a great name, but emotion with her was absorbed by a single passion; like that other Hope of Mr. Watts's canvas, she had but one string to her lyre.

But that one string, I may add, was capable of sounding heights and depths of passion that few poets of this day and generation have reached.

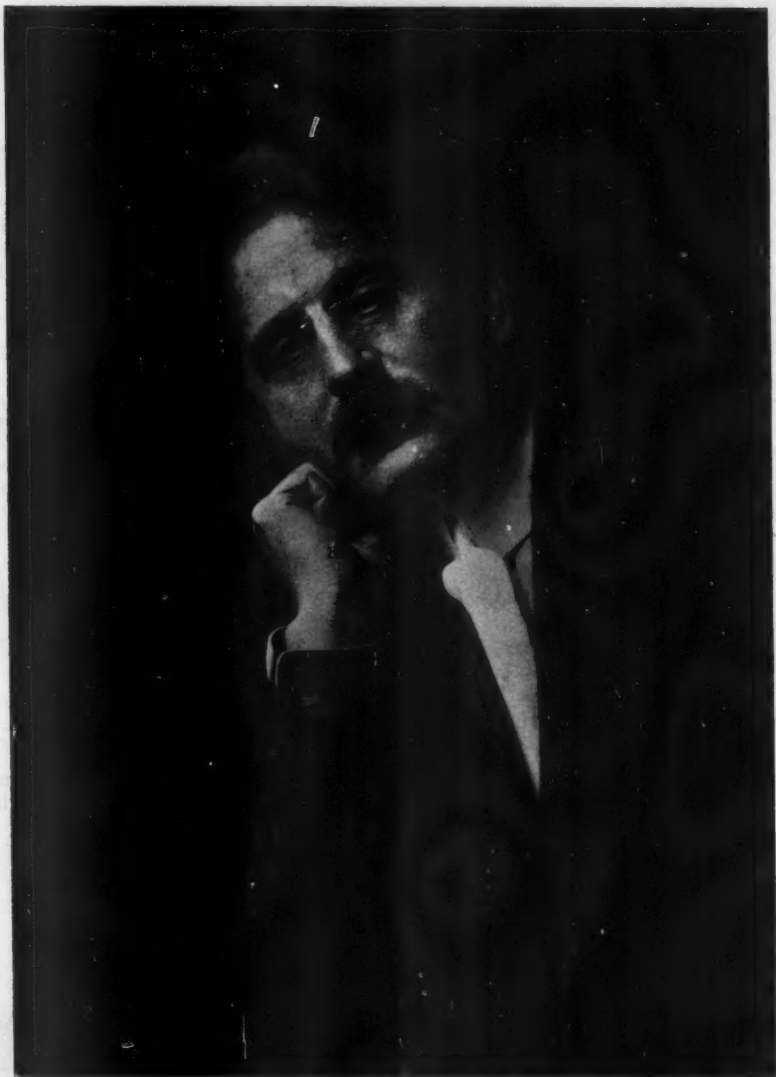
Mr. Vaughan Kester, whose story of life in the Mississippi Valley during the middle part of the last century, "The Fortunes of the Landrays," wrote most of his book at the historic Woodlawn



ARGILL CASTLE: RESIDENCE OF MR. PAUL KESTER

Give me a soft and secret place
Against thine amber breast,
Where, hidden away from all mankind,
My soul may come to rest.

Mansion in Virginia of which his brother, Paul Kester, the dramatist, up to a year ago, was the owner. Woodlawn Mansion is intimately as-



MR. JOHN LUTHER LONG

sociated with the memory of George Washington, for it was the portion of his estate that he cut off from the home plantation by his will to become the residence of his adopted daughter, Nellie Gustis. When the Kester brothers first acquired the property it was in a sadly neglected state, but during the four years of their ownership

they restored it and developed it, until it is now one of the most beautiful properties in Virginia. Mr. Kester owns now an even more interesting residence, Argill Castle, in Westmoreland County, England, which he purchased last spring and took his family to last summer. Argill Castle, while not of the oldest, is still one of the most

picturesque of its kind in England, and is filled with historic and romantic associations.

Those who think that the American playwright is a poorly paid individual have only to look at this picture of Mr. Kester's castle to change their minds, at least as far as he is concerned. Curiously enough, Mr. Kester had never crossed the ocean until he sailed for England to occupy his picturesque castle in the Lake country.

I am glad to be able to present this new photograph of Mr. John Luther Long. Up to the present time the only picture of Mr. Long that has been published shows him to be a rather sentimental-looking young man with a hat pushed away back on his head. The present picture is a much better portrait, and shows the serious writer—the man who created "Madame Butterfly"—which charming story, by the way, has recently been made the subject of an opera and sung with success in Italy.

A book of the maxims of Lord Beaconsfield has recently been published in London. The Earl's cynicism is exemplified in two quotations taken at random:

Mrs. Darlington Vere was a most successful woman, lucky in everything—lucky even in her husband, for he died.

Most marriages turn out unhappy. Among the lower orders, if we may judge from the newspapers, they are always killing their wives, and in our class we get rid of them in a more polished way, or they get rid of us.

There is nothing personal in these remarks, for the marriage of Lord Beaconsfield was known to have been an unusually happy one.

Mr. E. Gordon Craig, the talented son of Miss Ellen Terry, has sent me a copy of his pamphlet on "The Art of the Theatre," illustrated from his own designs of stage setting. While I find these designs interesting I cannot think

that they would be very effective behind the footlights.

When we think of the National Conservatory of Music we can hardly remember when it was not with us: but according to a recently published circular it is only twenty years old. The National Conservatory was founded by Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, whose untiring enthusiasm has held it together through stormy times. If the Conservatory had never done anything else than the bringing of Dvorák to this country, it would have proved its excuse for being.

A distinguished American author, whose novels I may say have the largest sale in England of any of his fellow-countrymen, was amused recently by the receipt of this letter from a London publisher, whose name, by the way, he tells me he had never heard:

It has occurred to me you may feel disposed to publish under my auspices, and if you have a new novel ready or in preparation of the regulation 6/- length I shall be glad if you will kindly bear me in mind. Terms cash down on acceptance within a week of the receipt of the MS. for world volume rights only, or, if you prefer, publication on a royalty.

The Art of the Theatre



E. GORDON CRAIG

Trusting I may have the pleasure of doing business and hoping to hear from you soon, faithfully yours.

The Critic

If it were as easy as this publisher seems to think to get world volume rights of the most popular American writers on his list, the publishing business would not offer as many knotty problems to those who follow it as it does at the present time.

tice" Mr. Wagner takes up in the genial, human, and simple way, which by this time must be familiar to nearly every reading person in the United States, the essentials of right and duty towards oneself and towards others. "The Gospel of Life" is a volume of



REV. CHARLES WAGNER

Charles Wagner has not yet ceased to be an influence with us. His impressions of President Roosevelt, in the form of an account of his visit to the White House when he was in America last year on a lecture-tour, have recently appeared in *McClure's Magazine*, and there are announced two new books from his pen, "Justice" and "The Gospel of Life." In "Jus-

sermons interpreting the Gospel in terms of real life. Mr. Wagner has practically completed his impressions of America, which are now appearing in a French magazine, and will probably be brought out serially in America, later to be produced in book form. While in this country Pastor Wagner lived the strenuous rather than the simple life. He was on the go from

early morn till dewy eve, with fêtes and
feasts thrown in.

By permission of the publishers, The
John Lane Company, we reproduce the
original manuscript of William Wat-

COLUMBUS

From his adventurous prime
He dreamed the dream sublime;
Over his wandering youth
It hung, a beckoning star.
At last the vision fled,

Columbus.

From his adventurous prime
He dreamed the dream sublime
Over his wandering youth
It hung, a beckoning star.

At last the vision fled,
And left him in its stead
The scarce sublimer truth,
The world he found afar.

The scattered isles that stand
Warding the mightier land
Yielded their maidenhood
To his imperious prow.

When shall the world pay
The price of his
The price of his
The price of his

No more the world
The price of his
The price of his

And left him in its stead
The scarce sublimer truth,
The world he found afar.

FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "COLUMBUS" BY MR. WILLIAM WATSON

son's poem on "Columbus," which was
given to the Congressional Library, at
Washington, at the suggestion of the
late Hon. John Hay. As it is almost
impossible to read Mr. Watson's manu-
script, we give an interpretation of it
in plain type.

And left him in its stead
The scarce sublimer truth,
The world he found afar.
The scattered isles that stand
Warding the mightier land
Yielded their maidenhood
To his imperious prow.

The mainland within call
Lay vast and virginal;
In its blue porch he stood:
No more did fate allow.

No more! but ah, how much,
To be the first to touch
The veriest azure hem.
Of that majestic robe!
Lord of the lordly sea,
Earth's mightiest sailor he:

Great Captain among them,
The captors of the globe.

When shall the world forget
Thy glory and our debt,
Indomitable soul,
Immortal Genoese?
Not while the shrewd salt gale
Whines amid shroud and sail,
Above the rhythmic roll
And thunder of the seas.

Three Generations of Romances

By ANNE WARNER

I

GRANDMOTHER was tatting in the mullioned window. Her kerchief was modestly crossed on her alabaster neck. Her ankles were also crossed. She had on a skimpy gown that was twenty-four inches round the waist and forty-four round the hem. Grandmother's hair was tied up in a snood. A sampler hung on the wall. Some posset boiled on the hob. A pair of snuffers lay across a pair of wool-cards.

Grandmother sighed as she tatted. Then her soft azure eyes gazed modestly out of the mullions. A blush at once overspread the lily-white of her complexion. Her brooch heaved rapidly up and down.

In sooth it was Edward Merton who was approaching. Grandmother was terrible agitated; her very instep shook like an aspen. The blush yielded to a becoming pallor. She looked out of the window again.

Edward Merton was still approaching.

Grandmother's brooch nearly burst with maidenly emotion. Her taper fingers let the tatting cease to tat. It fell to the floor unheeded and the next instant Grandmother nearly fell on it.

For Edward Merton was approached—aye—he was even knocking—was even lifting the latch—was within!

—How can my pen describe Edward Merton's appearance as he tripped over the cat, demolished a spinning-wheel, and brought up against Grandmother's father's "Grandfather's Clock"? You

see I am seventy years too early for the vernacular which would simply say that he had been on a terrible tear and was a sight. But I will do my best with what 1840 provides for the circumstances.

Edward Merton was distinguished-looking; he came of virtuous and highly respected parents, but alas!—

Edward's hair and cravat were black and both spread over a stock that was much disordered. His eyeballs were black also, and seemed to be turning around and around in his flushed and fevered brain. The Wine Cup and its Curse were printed all over his waistcoat, and also all over the rest of him. Alas! Alas!—

You cannot wonder that when he started to embrace Grandmother she averted her face and waved him away, while a pearly tear coursed unbidden over her ivory profile. He was forced to go back to the clock and to feign an ease which he was far from experiencing, for Edward Merton's impulses were good,—it was only that he was—Alas!

Grandmother stayed averted and waving for quite a while, and then wiped away the tell-tale tear, murmuring.

"What, Merton,—again!"

The words were simple but shocking as live wires. Edward hung his head. He had good reason to be overcome by so deserved yet merciful a reproach. Its current seemed to catch him cornerways. He was evidently touched.

Grandmother perceived her advantage even though she failed to perceive that he was standing on the tatting.

She spoke with energy:

"Why, Merton, will you thus break my heart? Why will you persist in such evil courses? Why do you not sign the Pledge?"

Edward looked at her. The light of eloquence flooded her. She seemed like some goddess earth-born. His worse than wasted life rose up before him. Manly resolve kindled his bosom, hope dashed high on every breaking rock. He lifted up his head. He was resolved.

"For Thee, oh Best and Fairest,"—he cried, clasping Grandmother to his ruffled bosom,—“for thee I would promise to do all things possible or impossible.”

A soft radiance bathed Grandmother in celestial joy.

"You will sign the Pledge?" she cried in ecstasy.

"I will sign," said Edward Merton firmly.

He signed.

He married Grandmother.

Alas!—

II

Mamma sat in a bower, working red roses and white beads into a three-corner shelf-mat. Her hoop-skirt was two yards across, she had ringlets on each side. Although frail as a lily the Soul of Mamma was lofty and noble,—as you will see.

After carefully outlining a green thorn and sewing a bead dew-drop on the extreme end, Mamma suddenly jumped.

It was Clement—her childhood's play-fellow—who had come up behind her unperceived with a real thorn.

"Industrious,—ever industrious," he exclaimed teasingly, picking up her left-hand bunch of ringlets and pressing them to his lips. "Is that red rose so absorbing that I am altogether forgot?"

Mamma looked earnestly around over her shoulder.

"No, Clement," she said gravely,

"you are not forgotten, but in this hour of Peril other voices should outweigh mine."

"I hear no voice but yours at present," said Clement, striving to speak carelessly. Nevertheless, a close observer may have easily observed that he suddenly became extremely pale.

Mamma stuck in her needle, put aside her work, and rose to her feet. Softness and emotion strove for mastery in the glowing splendor of her raven eye.

"Clement," she said, extending one hand north and the other south like a Demosthenes, or a weather-cock, "if the cannon of Fort Sumter found you deaf, strive to recall the echo from Bull Run. If you were not in on the March to the Sea get out and steal some other march. If the shrieks of the dead and dying have not touched you surely the buying of substitutes has. Clement—" Mamma's voice faltered, she gathered all her strength—"Clement, if no other call has been heard by you—hear mine now. I beseech—nay—I implore!"

She was irresistible. Clement was fired.

"I will go!" he cried with enthusiasm.

Mamma sank down exhausted.

"I have given a soldier to my country," she said, and allowed Clement to cut a ringlet for a souvenir.

He cut it all wrong and the short hair showed.

"Too bad," said Mamma, thoughtfully, when she saw herself in the mirror next time,—“but if Clement goes to the war I shall have peace and Augustus won't mind the loss of one curl if he has not to be tormented by jealousy. . . .”

(Mamma married Frederick in the end.)

III

I stood in the boat-house doing Physical Culture Exercises. After my two-mile swim and six-mile scull each morning I invariably do exercises for an hour. It preserves mental poise, regulates the distribution of oxygen and builds up the knee-pans.

Just as I was putting myself through a hoop according to the diagram in last Sunday's paper Jack came rushing in. Jack is as tanned as I am, only half-a-head shorter, and holds the championship for hopping on the left leg.

"My dear girl," he cried (we have known each other a fortnight and more)—"do be careful,—you might so easily break the hoop."

"What did you come here for?" I asked, tossing the hoop away and picking up a broomstick with which to commit further prodigies.

"I came"—said Jack—"to tell you that Port Arthur has fallen."

I dropped the broomstick. I was as near to staggered as a post-graduate in heliocentrics could possibly be.

"Fallen?" I shrieked.

"Fallen," repeated Jack.

Then I remembered.

"Oh, well, I don't care," I said, spinning an oar on my thumb, "it flustered me a bit on account of a bet that I'd made, but after all—"

"What bet?" interrupted Jack, lighting a cigarette without permission (Jack is thoroughly up to date).

"A bet with little To-ko who keeps the Jap Store," I said lightly.

"What did you bet?"

"My hand against that gold-embroidered kimono that hangs in the window."

"What ever made you bet your hand?" Jack asked.

"I'm neither an heiress nor a typewriter, so I had nothing else to bet."

Jack laughed.

"Of course you'll treat it as a joke now?" he said.

I drew myself up.

"Of course I will *not*," I said, "am I not an American girl?"

He turned white behind his tan.

"Girl—girl—" he stammered, "of course you're an American girl and of course honor is all right and a fine thing in its way—but in a case like this—"

"Honor! Who spoke of honor?" I interrupted haughtily.

"I—you—" he stumbled, — then stopped.

"It is n't a question of honor at all"—(I was fairly a-scorch with indignation!)"—"don't you know that little To-ko is only keeping a store so as to learn colloquial English, and that in his own land he is—"

"Is what?" Jack gasped.

"A marquis!" I said, triumphantly.

The Making of Books

By FRANCIS GRIERSON

GOOD books have but one purpose: to comfort the heart and stimulate the mind. Books that we love play the part of invisible friends. We get from them a continuous current of sympathy which acts and reacts in various ways on our own mind and the minds of others. It is through sympathy that the magic current is created. A book is valued not so much for what it reveals in the realm of pure intellect as for what it reveals of the secret sentiments and feelings of the reader. In books we see ourselves in the author and become acquainted with our own double, so to speak, as a second person. The best writers, like the best poets,

"hold the mirror up to nature." We admire most in every writer not that which we do not understand, but that which we have long felt but never expressed, the sentiments which we have never been able to formulate in words, the emotions that seemed too deep to be brought to the surface, the dreams that seemed too vague and distant for rhyme or reason. As we are attracted to the persons we love best not because some one else tells us to love them, so are we attracted to the books which suit best our age, temper, and experience. We are not influenced by praise or blame in these things; the attraction comes from within. For

every category of thought and experience there is a corresponding class of books; for every temperament, some other mind whose mission it is to perform the service of self-revelment. There is a secret attraction which leads us to certain books little read by the public, perhaps unknown to the public. In youth we enjoy most the books of action, because action is the thing we most desire; when we begin to think we become interested in ideas, and eventually we prefer the writers whose sentiments and experiences approach nearest our own. No one can appropriate the wisdom of another mind; we can only appropriate the consolation offered by another. Intuition is inherited knowledge; but the world is the distillery of wisdom. Drop by drop sagacity is distilled from experience and the liquor of life put away in the memory to mature with age. A mushroom comes up suddenly and soon withers; but the oak grows slowly and lives long. Fleeting things give confused impressions; the mind has no time to centre on the cause of fleeting phenomena. We gravitate to certain books as to certain people; and, as no system of education succeeds in giving us intellectual sensations and poetic emotions of which we are not capable, so no school of art or literature has ever succeeded in weaning the mind from the thing which suits it best. As for real feeling and sentiment, if you would make others weep, you must, as Horace says, begin by weeping yourself.

While it is true that many are carried away by the literary fashions of the time because of the influence of passing modes, underneath these things there is a force which compels people to prefer one book to another.

As for books of criticism, an abyss separates the critical spirit of 1890 from that of 1902, and it is not too much to say that in another decade the narrow and insular customs and teachings of the latter part of the nineteenth century will appear as vagaries enacted in another world and will have as little influence on serious minds as the strange old fashions of 1860 now have upon us. The truth is that the force which some

people persist in ignoring is the force which has brought about the recent rapid changes in thought and criticism. That force is science. It is a cold, material thing to look at, but it has both soul and spirit, it assumes a sort of personality. It was the engineer who made a visit from New York to London a mere matter of a six-days pleasure-excursion, put Paris within seven hours of London, and made it possible for dramatic and art critics to attend first nights and the opening of exhibitions in Berlin, Vienna, and Rome, and be back again in London within a period of a few days. The telegraph and the steam-engine have accomplished a universal miracle. The telegraph alone brings the opinions of people living at the ends of the earth into our homes every morning, and we are made to see and feel what insularity really means. Art and science force the most obtuse to bow before a power superior to mere sentiment and book-learning. A ship-load of excursionists visit a foreign land for the first time. They start out brimming over with prejudice and haughty with national conceit, but the instant they land on a foreign shore they find themselves surrounded by people and things which set a cold-blooded defiance to every prejudice, every gesture, every thought and feeling which they bring with them. It is useless to complain. If they do not understand the language, so much the worse; if they do not like the cooking, again so much the worse; at any rate they must eat to live and make gestures to be understood. It is the only deaf and dumb exercise some people ever get. But even this small experience is something. They now begin to understand the meaning of the word "travel."

To many minds the first experience in a foreign country is nothing short of an intellectual revelation. Here, on the soil of London, Paris, Berlin, or Rome, books of travel begin to be judged for exactly what they are—some good, and many very bad. The intelligent mind begins to imbibe, as if by magic, new truths culled from the garden of cosmopolitan experience. Without quite knowing how or why, the wide-awake

traveller has attained a certain knowledge of people and things which books were powerless to bestow, and he returns home wiser, more critical, with a great deal of his provincial prejudice worn off. A long sojourn abroad finishes the all-important education and the critical mind is forever freed from old-fashioned prejudice and cock-sure judgments. And so we are prevented from repeating the old, sentimental error that books, philosophy, and latter-day schools of thought have wrought the great intellectual change which the world has lately seen. The railroad and the steamship are the miracle workers. What will the changes not be in another twenty years! Books of critical and philosophical thought not based on the new order will at once be cast aside as worthless. Every critical work which gives the least sign of the insular and provincial spirit will be ignored as worse than useless. It will be found impossible to sit in London, Paris, or New York, as Carlyle sat in Chelsea, and produce acceptable judgments on anything or anybody. To deal with foreign questions without having moved about in the world, even now, means contradiction and refutation at the hands of any observing sailor, soldier, or commercial traveller who may care to take up the pen and write. The universal rule now is: experience first, then analysis and judgment. Bacon was right: books must follow science.

There has been much waste of time and energy in the making of modern books. Writers like Hugo, Balzac, Tolstoy, make one think of a locomotive with the steam kept at high-pressure. Carlyle put into "Sartor Resartus" psychological pressure sufficient to found a colony or build a dozen retreats for aged working men. The fault of "Sartor Resartus" lies in its size. It is a book instead of an essay. What energy was expended here to little or no purpose! Preaching nullifies itself when it passes a certain point. Many great writers spend three or four times more dynamic power than is needed in the work they have to do. True, if the engineer did not let off the steam

there would be an explosion. But that is another matter. All superfluous work is old-fashioned the moment it is printed. When we say of a serious work it has no *raison d'être* we admit its inutility; and the lack of clarity and precision in the manner of composition in any work is sufficient to nullify the whole. But in considering books like "Sartor Resartus" we have to consider two things combined in one: the manner and the subject. If Carlyle had reduced this mass of eloquence and energy to one compact essay of fifteen pages how different would have been the result. People need suggestive writing far more than the didactic and the philosophical. Again, consider the time and energy wasted in writing the "History of Frederick the Great" in ten volumes! Is there any one in our day, excepting a professional historian, willing to give up whole weeks to the reading of such a work?

Balzac wore himself out in writing scores of novels which no one reads now. He left three or four masterpieces, and died before he had time either to see or enjoy life. In "Peace and War" and "Anna Karenina" much energy is wasted. Long works are too often like long sermons which end in fatigue. There are laws which defy even the forces of genius to render void. There is something painful in the thought of Victor Hugo sitting down in the cold and cheerless room of a Brussels hotel, with bread and water before him, there to scribble as fast as the pen can be made to move all day and half the night, like an automaton without sense or sensibility. There is in such work much of the garrulous spirit, little of the soul of inspiration. And the futility of it is appalling. Balzac, who sat in his garret all day and night writing novels which found little favor even in his own day, may have thought such books absolutely necessary, but we know now for a certainty that they were not. And, somehow, we do not sympathize with an author who writes for twenty-four hours without intermission. Georges Sand seated herself at her writing-desk and began work much as a type-writer

would begin to copy. When she had filled a sheet of paper she let it fall on the carpet; when the carpet all about her was covered with manuscript she would cease writing. Zola, in his turn, wrote six pages every morning. We can hardly blame some people for considering genius to be automatic and believing that it writes without knowing how or why.

It is impossible that a book which contains neither scientific analysis nor literary inspiration can long hold a serious place in the intellectual world. There are no supreme works written in the ordinary moods. Chateaubriand, Flaubert, and Renan meditated for months, and sometimes years, before beginning a work. They waited for the inspiration. With them, thought was like a conscience; a mood, something sacred; an inspiration like an eternal benediction. They were artists in the sense in which Goethe speaks of art. Chateaubriand died in 1848, and Balzac in 1850; the first was thirty years writing his "Memoirs," the second wrote scores of novels which no one reads; and while Georges Sand was daily covering her carpet with manuscript, her friend Gustave Flaubert was waiting for the idea, taking notes, meditating, correcting.

Adventure and romance come to every one who moves about in the world. The more people travel the less interest they take in certain books. When we read Gibbon we are held by the personal style of the writer and the relation of romantic facts. He tells us of real people. We move on and on with the historian, feeling that we are walking the earth and meeting its denizens in flesh and blood. We are brought face to face with human passions, ambitions, follies, adventures; we pass from one epoch to another by a natural process. This is why Gibbon is great. But Chateaubriand is still greater, for the reason that he himself is telling us what he saw, what he heard, what he felt. History, therefore, is of two kinds: what is related from documentary evidence as actual reality, and what is related as personal experience. But personal experience

will always take the first place in the minds and the hearts of people who think. "Vanity Fair" is certainly the work of a master; but the difference between "Vanity Fair" and De Quincey's "Confessions" is that the first entertains us by fictional scenes and circumstances, while the second entertains and instructs us on a basis of actual fact, and compels us to descend or rise with the author through scene after scene of personal hope and despair, physical suffering, and mental anguish, altogether individual, experienced, and real. De Quincey's "Confessions" cause us to live through a period of psychological and physical experience worth more than all the sermons ever preached against the evils of opium eating. For we get a moral without preaching and art without artifice. And for this reason the "Confessions" will live when "Vanity Fair" has passed away.

In works of fiction we imagine we know; in personal works we feel that we know. For the imagination leaves the mind in doubt and the result is often negative. A personal narrative contains, first of all, the advantage of the psychological effect of actual experience; secondly, the indelible impression created by the knowledge of that experience. In drama the assumption of sincerity weakens the impression; one gesture too much, one movement in the wrong place is enough to dissipate the illusion of reality. The greatest sorrows are the most silent; and the personal feeling is one of the secrets of supreme work. The minds who have risen above ephemeral states and passions, who have attained a plane superior to the noises of the world, are the ones who hold the most authority and the most charm. In the race of genius they win in a canter. It is the sententious and sensitive "I" which gives the essays of Montaigne their wonderful vitality. He never thinks until he begins to write, and the spirit that moves him is, to a certain extent, garrulous; but the narrative of personal hopes, fears, doubts, and daily impressions, told with candor, and serenity, makes the book immortal. In the

"Essais" we are not only thinking, but living with a human being. It is philosophy mingled with human experience. Montaigne holds us by his personal gossip, his natural manner, and a rare gift of penetration and common-sense. No wonder Madame de Sévigné cried: "Ah! l'aimable homme que Montaigne! qu'il est de bonne compagnie! c'est mon ami; mais à force d'être ancien il m'est nouveau. Mon Dieu! que ce livre est plein de bon sens!"

The writers who assume an authority by preaching it are never the ones who wholly succeed. The real authorities are too serious to take the world seriously. The greatest content themselves with transcribing impressions, recording events, portraying persons, spiritual states, and material conditions in the simplest manner possible. They possess too much common-sense to become fanatical, and too much discretion to sermonize. Montaigne, Bacon, Gibbon, Chateaubriand, Goethe, Flaubert, Renan, were egoists in the highest and most philosophical meaning of the word. The true authoritative mood is instinctive; it is not put on as a warrior would don a coat of mail. Bacon writes with the force of an eternal edict; Gibbon with the pomp of a Roman triumph; Flaubert with a kind of philological magic intended only for his equals; Renan with the placidity of a human sphinx who never winks or winces; Chateaubriand with something like the quality of an elegiac symphony whose movements include the heroic and the pastoral.

Every perfect thing passes beyond the limit of the definable. The contour and expression of the highest personal beauty, the fragrance of the rarest flowers, the suggestive melodies in the most inspired music, the atmospheric influence of a perfect day or a moonlight night—these and other things possess an element and an influence which evade analysis. Everything that can be described with precision falls below the level of supreme attainment. It is easy to analyze the fabric of the loom, but the gossamer web which imagination and sentiment

weave from the souvenirs and sensations of life eludes precise definition. Mere power can never create an atmosphere in any art. The psycho-artistic atmosphere constitutes the creative charm. Works like "L'Assommoir" make us feel the reality of the author's power without poetic distinction. No athletic grace is required in the wielding of a mallet or a battle-axe. And there is a marked difference between the egoism of power and the egoism of intellect. Powerful writers are never happy unless they are manifesting their power. It would be too much to ask them to desist for a period long enough to distinguish and discriminate. But the finer egoism of the intellect is not content with the writing of six pages every morning; it is inspired by a feeling of selection, a sense of the economy of moods and emotions. Between personal power and personal charm there is a great gulf fixed. The author of "L'Assommoir" forces the reader along, for the reader does not always desire to go. The author of "Sylvestre Bonnard" persuades, creates an atmosphere, and charms. With him we are glad to go.

M. Anatole France has tact, taste, and philosophical insight. He is full of the common-sense which accompanies the highest critical faculty. While Zola expended a vast amount of power in depicting and stating the obvious, M. Anatole France uses the obvious as a frame in which to set a fine picture. He knows how to be witty and wise for divers minds—Zola for a much larger class with limited minds. The energy displayed in "L'Assommoir" is that of the thunder-storm. We know exactly where we are going before we read many chapters: the clouds are black, the atmosphere sultry, and we look for thunder and lightning. In the beginning of the book we witness a terrific battle between washerwomen who have muscles like prize-fighters. The sensitive reader feels like holding his head between his hands and shouting, like Macbeth: "I'll see no more!" We move on steadily after this into an element of blind passion and delirium tremens. Now, in depicting scenes of pugilism and delirium tremens the one

thing needed is puissance; the things which are not needed are delicacy, poetic nuance, a high standard of taste. Emile Zola expresses physical energy, Anatole France intellectual force. And it would be idle to deny that a two-column newspaper dialogue of M. Bergeret produces a better effect on the minds of critical readers than a whole book by M. Zola. Such is the difference between these two authors, living in the same city and writing in the same language.

Art is common-sense made beautiful. The miracle of the idealization of the revolting has not yet been produced. Anatole France expresses with the pen what the great artists express with the brush and the chisel; and if the Marquise de Sévigné were living now she would certainly exclaim: "Ah! l'aimable homme que Monsieur Bergeret!"

In the making of books it is necessary to consider the two principal kinds of books which attain success: the works which are written in and for a certain city or country, and those which rise above the local idea. The former are the first to be neglected in the march of time. The local environment changes much more rapidly than the national; the national more rapidly

than the universal. So rapidly do local conditions and appearances change in our age that it is possible for a successful book to become old-fashioned in the space of five years. Is there, indeed, a popular work of to-day which will be read a hundred years hence? There will be ten times as many good books written about persons and events of the time which people will be compelled to read, and the want of time will prevent scores of good books from being talked about. But if the ordinary changes of scene and sentiment were not enough to kill thousands of books the changes created by science would do so. When every one can have plenty of adventure in cheap and easy travel, think and speak in two or three languages, see and hear by personal experience, much reading can be dispensed with. Experience will put an end to the superfluous in literature. When the world opens before the masses like a panorama, ever varying, and palpitating with vivid scenes and pleasant emotions, when millions of people can go from one end of the globe to another in a few days, provincial prejudice will give place to a sentiment of broad and cosmopolitan culture.

Out-of-Doors from Labrador to Africa

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

HERE is a collection of five new nature-books—animal romances, three of them, of wild life as the nature-novelist imagines it. The other two are books of exploration, observation, and camera-hunting—wild life as the trained naturalist sees it. The three romances trust to their style and prefaces for their interest—falling back rather hard upon the preface, it must be said, as if somebody had been lying. "Truth is stranger than fiction," they each begin, "and all the fiction in this volume is solemn truth."

Happily, only conscientious, literal people heed prefaces nowadays, so that

most readers of "Animal Heroes,"* "Red Fox,"† and "Northern Trails"‡ will get the stories untroubled by any thought of fact and reality.

And they are worth getting, for they are good stories, all of them—charmingly told, beautifully illustrated, and very unlike—as the artist-author, professor, and preacher are unlike. Yet the amazing thing about the three romances is their sameness. The dif-

* "Animal Heroes." By Ernest Thompson Seton. Illustrated by the Author. Scribners. \$2.00.

† "Red Fox." By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated by Charles L. Bull. L. C. Page & Co. 75c.

‡ "Northern Trails." By William J. Long. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. Ginn & Co. \$1.50.

ference is largely one of style, of vocabulary, I had almost said—the difference between “kindreds” and “folk.” You read the same preface in all; and you start off with the same story. In “Animal Heroes” it is an old slum cat and her kittens in a cracker-box. The one extraordinary kitten of “pronounced color” survives and comes to glory. In “Red Fox” it is a pair of foxes and their cubs in a hole among the hills. The one extraordinary cubby, “more finely colored,” survives and comes to glory. In “Northern Trails” it is a pair of wolves and their pups in a cave among the rocks. The one extraordinary puppy, “larger than the others,” survives and comes to more glory than the cub or the kitten of the other tales.

Of course, there is variety in all of these—cats, foxes, wolves—kittens, cubs, puppies. It is in the extraordinary puppy that they are alike. And this extraordinary pup has been done so many times since the days of “Wild Animals I Have Known,” that three more extraordinary pups (or cubs or kittens) one after the other make the critic long for a pup that is just ordinary dog.

It is only the critic, however, that would be likely to read the books one after the other, and only he, also, who would, perhaps, lament this overworked *cum laude* pup.

Individually, these books are interesting. Mr. Seton, in “Animal Heroes,” is still master, as he is the pioneer, in this field. No one has matched his “Wild Animals I Have Known.” “Animal Heroes” is a good second; but it suffers, like a younger son, by coming later. Mr. Seton has invented just one plan for his best stories, and it served well in the first volume; but this last is the fourth, at least, made after the plan, to say nothing of those by other writers who have copied it. That plan should have been patented.

Except for the reindeer story, Mr. Seton has made certain advances here even over his first work. He shows greater variety of treatment, more flexibility of style, and less strain. He

is nearer reality because he is here a straightaway story-teller, and enjoys the freedom. Out of not commonplace, but certainly very *real*, material, he now writes the capital story of “Arnaux.”

Mr. Long is at his best, too, in “Northern Trails.” The book would have been much better without the first story—for the plan is not original; it is “written down” and it lacks reality in spite of the author’s efforts. But as for the rest, even Mr. Burroughs will find little in the natural history to object to, and certainly no one can hold out against the story interest of the chapters, nor the grace and charm of the style. We could only wish that Mr. Long did n’t see quite so much with his own eyes, for many of us live the year around in the woods, and—well—most of our animals must have gone over into Mr. Long’s woods. The publishers show the same lack of taste in over-illustrating this book as in Mr. Long’s other recent volumes. It is a pity, too, for Mr. Copeland has excelled himself—and most of his rivals—in “Northern Trails.”

Mr. Roberts has gone them all one better in “Red Fox”—a volume to the adventures of this individual! But it is n’t a sincere piece of work. Mr. Roberts knows the thing cannot be done to last over night. There is n’t enough to a fox; his psychology, his interests, his daily round is too limited to sustain him throughout a volume. The author has tried to meet the lack of substance with style. The fox makes raids on barnyards in “violet sunsets,” he fights woodchucks in “rose-lit grass”—atmosphere this, purple patches, that do not convince, but only emphasize the smallness of Red Fox and the largeness of the story. Not a page of it comes from the woods direct. Of the incidents, to quote the preface, “there is authentic record of them all in accounts of careful observers”—of Red Fox playing dead, running the sheep’s backs, and jumping into a cart (the climax of the story) to escape the dogs,—these records are in our nursery-books. What we have n’t

read before we cannot quite believe — the bees, for instance, driving Red Fox from his fetid den to go into the honey business there! But all this we could take, for we are boys enough to like the fighting (there is a deal of this, for there is a fight on every page), were it not for the anthropomorphizing of the beast — as extreme and unreal as the rose-lit treatment of the grass.

"With Flashlight and Rifle,"* by C. G. Skillings, we have no romancing at all, no imagination, no poetry, no purple patches. The author goes into the wilds of Africa to shoot and to photograph real beasts. The volume is the unadorned account of his killings — wanton slaughter it often seems — and the album for his startling photographs. Never has the jungle before been so photographed. There is an

*"With Flashlight and Rifle." By C. G. Skillings. Translated by Henry Zick. Harper & Brothers. \$2.00.

uncanny realism about the book, such an uncovering of savage forms by the flashlight as to make one afraid of his own tame dark.

"Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico,"* by C. William Beebe (the second lover is Mrs. Beebe), is more real nature — Mexican out-of-doors done into a book with so simple a style, so genuine an enthusiasm, and illustrated with such excellent photographs, that it is bound to take a host of other bird-lovers, and lovers of travel into the mesquite wilderness and about the magic pools of Mexico — where, in the dead of winter, one lives a wild, free life in camp! and "feels how good a thing it is to be alive, to be hungry and to eat, to be weary and to sleep." The lovers have a honeymoon of a time. They have made one of the most delightful of nature-books.

*"Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico." By C. William Beebe. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. \$3.00.

The Beginnings of James McNeill Whistler

By A. J. BLOOR

TO THE CRITIC for September, 1903, Mr. Bloor contributed an article on Whistler's boyhood, which derived a special interest from the inclusion of a number of letters written by the artist when a lad. Since then Whistler's fame has been both tested and increased by the exhibition in London of a collection of his works under the auspices of the International Society of Artists, of which he was the President — an event that drew thousands of art lovers to the New Gallery in Regent Street; and interest in his genius has been augmented by the announcement that to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, has given his remarkable collection of works of art,

which is particularly rich in Whistlers, and includes the decorations of the famous "peacock room" from Mr. Leyland's house in London — a collection hereafter to be seen in a building to be erected in Washington at Mr. Freer's expense.

The following letter from Whistler to his mother bears (*more suo*) neither date nor place of writing; but as his visit to Venice lasted from September, 1879, to November, 1880, it must have been written toward the close of the latter year:

MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER: I have been so grieved to hear of your being ill again — and now I am delighted to hear better news of you. Do not

let any anxiety for me at all interfere with your rapidly getting quite well—for I am happy to tell you that my own health is capital and the weather alone in all its uncertainties retards my work—which, however, is now very nearly complete—so that I look forward to being with you soon. It has been wofully cold here. The bitterest winter I fancy that I ever experienced, and the people of Venice say that nothing of the kind has been known for quite a century. Mrs. Bronson was telling me—by the way you will be pleased to hear that they have returned from their wanderings, and are now settled in their palace on the Grand Canal—well, she told me that since it was known that she was here, her many pensioners have called to welcome her back, and all said to her the same thing:

"Look, Signora," they said, pointing to their white hair, "look, I am old, and yet I have never seen such a winter, and I only wonder that I have lived through it to tell the Signora!"

At last the ice and snow have left us, and now the rain is pouring down upon us. To-day reminds me of our stay long ago at Black Gang Chyne! After all, though, this evening the weather softened slightly, and perhaps to-morrow may be fine—and then Venice will be simply glorious, as now and then I have seen it. After the wet, the colors upon the walls and their reflections in the canals are more gorgeous than ever, and with sun shining upon the polished marble mingled with rich-toned bricks and plaster, this amazing city of palaces becomes really a fairyland,—created, one would think, especially for the painter. The people with their gay gowns and handkerchiefs, and the many tinted buildings for them to lounge against or pose before, seem to exist especially for one's pictures—and to have no other reason for being! One could certainly spend years here and never lose the freshness that pervades the place!

But I must come back to you all now, though, even if I return afterwards. Yes, I hope now in a couple of weeks or so to pack all my work and see how the long-hoped-for etchings will look in London. Also you know, for I daresay Nellie has told you, that I have fifty pastels! So you see, Mother dear, that I have not been idle—though I have found my labors terribly trying. It will be pleasant to talk them all over with you when I come back. I shall have plenty to tell you of all the beautiful things I have seen, and I hope you will like some of the pastels I have done—Nellie must tell you about them. They are much admired here—and I think rather well of them myself—though sometimes I get a little despondent.

My kind friend, Mr. Graham [Lorimer Graham, probably], whom you remember my writing to you about, has been away for some weeks in Rome—returning only the other day. I was glad to see

him, for he had been most courteous and persistent in his good services to me. He brought Mr. Bronson with him a couple of mornings ago, and very jolly was our meeting, for I always liked him—he is most original and amusing. I have dined at the Bronsons since, and they are most amiable and nice. Mrs. Bronson, who is the most generous woman possible, has been so kind to a poor gondolier I was painting, and who fell ill with dreadful cough and fever. I told her all about him, and she at once had all sorts of nice things made for him, and Miss Chapman, who is staying with the Bronsons, has been herself to call on poor Giovanni. He is getting well now I hope, and will soon be able again to pose for his picture. Mrs. Harris, the wife of the American Consul, has been very charming—always asking me to her house and presenting me to all her best acquaintances. She is a dear old lady, and I know you would like her. So you see I have not been without friends, Mother, and, notwithstanding the fearful climate, not absolutely forlorn and cheerless. I am so glad to hear that everything is happily arranged for Annie's future—give my love and congratulations to her when you see her, or send them through Sis. And now goodbye, my darling Mother—I do hope you will be quite well and strong again directly now—for I hear accounts from England saying that the sun is shining upon all there, and that everything is warm and delightful! You asked once about Susie Livermore's etchings—doubtless she has had them all before now—for they were left out purposely for her—ready in their frames. I received your nice Christmas card, mama dear, and meant to have written at once to tell you how gratified I was—but it is the same old story, my dear Mother. I am at my work the first thing at dawn and the last thing at night, and loving you all the while though not writing to tell you. Remember me to Mrs. [illegible], and give my love to all.

Your fond son,

JIMMIE.

This letter, written at forty-six years of age, may serve as an introduction to the completely developed man Whistler, and to some estimate of that man's work of brush, burin, chalk, and pen—with reference to the ethics of art procedure and its relations to human brotherhood and higher civilization. This may perhaps be done without trenching on the ground claimed as his own by the real or supposed or merely *soi-disant* critic, whose only or main interest in an artist is so often confined to the latter's relations to the technique of art. Such critics

do not include an artist's literary work in their summaries of his output, and Whistler himself professed the same scorn for literary quality in art as he did for the schools. Yet no artist ever owed as much to his own literary faculty—naturally one of real though elusive distinction—as Whistler. The letter to his mother, given above, however punctuationless, shows him at his best; but his pen was almost invariably either venomous or inconsequent. The epigrams he so carefully prepared for use at the first subsequent opportunity were sometimes sufficiently bright, even witty, as, for instance, when pointing to one of Leighton's pieces among a crowd of others on exhibition, he likens it to "a diamond in the *sty*"—and when, in the case of a worthy but somewhat strait-laced Academician's objection to a certain nude, he paraphrased the motto of the order of the Garter and the English Arms into "*Horsley soit qui mal y pense.*"

His own pen did as much for his position in the world of art as his brush, and not even the most industrious, jewel-losing actress, more carefully, if with apparent unconsciousness, cultivated the personal eccentricities which excite the pens of others—of journalistic and sensation-hunting on-lookers—to the comment and gossip that make for the notoriety of their subject.

But if some geniality or wisdom occasionally lurks in his *jeux d'esprit* they are much more often charged with revenge or detraction and filled, even if he were not always conscious of it, with the unscrupulousness of the egomaniac; nor does all his persiflage and thin pretence of courtesy hide their frequent brutality. It is, indeed, quite questionable whether the art-world of the future will not charge him with having brought more suspicion on art and really wrought more evil to it by his tongue and pen than he has achieved good for it by pencil and needle.

Whistler seems, in fact, all through his adult life, to have deserved the picture drawn of him under the name of Joe Sibley by his early *confrère*, du Maurier, in his first edition of "Trilby."

"He was a monotheist, and had but one god. Sibley was the god of Joe's worship and none other; and he would hear of no other genius in the world!" No amount of adulation from follower or admirer was too much for him, but one whisper of criticism, the slightest thwarting of his selfish demands, or questioning of his inordinate claim of originality turned him into an implacable foe. So Swinburne, who had so warmly and so usefully taken him up—this poet of front rank, for telling the truth, that Reynolds had long before said what Whistler repeated in his "Ten O'Clock,"—Swinburne became "one Algernon Swinburne" and an "outsider of Putney." He remained "friends" with his successive acquaintance only so long as he was not yet prepared to "shake" them for fresh victims to his self-worship, and one is tempted to believe that his unscrupulous jocularity toward others, while utterly refusing to take a joke on himself, was sometimes deliberately resorted to for the purpose of provoking a quarrel and so disrupting hitherto good relations.

Not long after the beginning of his professional success he rewarded Leyland (of the Peacock Room), his lavish patron and promoter, with whom he had, of course, finally picked a quarrel, by depicting him, life-size, as the devil with his hoofs and horns. Ingratitude and contumely to those who had most served him became finally his habit.

There are, however, few vices—some moralists say there are none—which do not have their root in a norm of good. Channing, from his pure point of view, necessarily thought Napoleon a very bad man. But, doubtless recognizing that he was a consummate administrator as well as a self-seeking and merciless warrior, the critic says that the destroyer of kings and maker of empires "extorts admiration." And one feels that, in a world of greater or lesser Philistines, the exceptional artist who preserves an utter independence ought to have much to his credit, even if he makes a most objectionable caricature of his rôle.

The last enemy of all flesh Whistler

met — outwardly, at least — with the characteristic jauntiness displayed to all his previous foes, the making of which he declared—did he say it sincerely, or simply in defiance?—was his "only joy." But he returned to his old Chelsea haunts from the continent well realizing, doubtless, that it was to die, notwithstanding that his last letter from The Hague to one of the London newspapers, charged with his habitual mock politeness and subtle insolence, but really calling it to task for publishing a premature report of his death, was meant to convey the impression to the world that much more work might be expected from him. Then straightway he delivers his characteristic death-bed injunctions for the puzzling and baffling, even beyond the grave, of not alone the public, but those few who still cling to him as friends. We must certainly admire the pluck in such a course, even if we don't admire other elements that led to it.

So, too, though the peculiar nomenclature he adopted for the output of his brush and needle inevitably, in its novelty, excited ridicule and censure, and was surely adopted, just as his hirsutal oriflamme was carefully cultivated, mainly as an advertisement to attract the custom of the hunter after art-novelties and art-bargains, even as his wand and flat-brimmed hat were assumed to mark him out to "the man in the street," there is no little to be said in favor of such nomenclature by those who recognize the sisterhood of the various fine arts. Whistler's early days, as we have seen, were passed in an atmosphere of music, and apart from the masterful craving of erratic genius for novelty, and his appreciation, on reaching manhood and looking forth on the world, of the value of new processes in systematic self-advertising, it was therefore not unnatural that he should use musical terminology in giving titles to the output of his work in graphic art. Why should he not speak of that work as symphonies or harmonies in white, in green, in blue, in gray, or what not? Why should the word "arrangement" be confined to musical notes? Is not what is perhaps

his masterpiece, his mother's portrait, really and truly, as children say, an "arrangement" in black and gray?

Some one has said that Whistler first disclosed the poetry in a London fog, which is hardly true, even of the Occidental field of art, for Cazin and Turner, to say nothing of preceding painters, did the like, while the rain and mist effects are admirable in some of the high-class Japanese output, which much influenced Whistler, generally, but not invariably, for good. But some of Whistler's night-effects certainly originated in the main with himself, though he may have received some hint therefor from "The Milky Way" of his favorite master Tintoretto. Why, then, should not his exquisite renderings, in dry point, of night-effects, be named, one a "Nocturne in Blue and Silver," another a "Nocturne in Black and Gold," even at the risk of contributing to offend Ruskin?—that inspired man, who, though he perhaps never visited the Cremorne Gardens at night, and is to be read not at all for the guidance of the tyro in art-technique (in defining which he makes frequent mistakes, often foolish and sometimes grotesque), will ever stand, *facile princeps*, among those who have led the Anglo-Saxon world to fruitful communion with the spirit of art. For Ruskin, whatever his shortcomings or his over-statements where art appliance in the concrete is concerned, did more to induce, among our not over-sensitive English-speaking race throughout the globe, a respect for the graphic and plastic fine arts than any other man in the annals of that race; just as Prince Albert, by his initiatory World's Exposition, did more for art-application in the Occidental world, and for art-interchange among all races, than any other man. It was his Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851 that really disclosed Oriental art to the whole Western world, though a century and a half before, in one corner of it, Louis XIV. had, in his latter years, tried to set the fashion to his court for Japanese bronzes and lacquers, and, in another, Sir William Chambers had published, later in the eighteenth century, his

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opinion that Chinese architecture, originating in the tent form, might advantageously be utilized in rural holdings. (Which reminds me that I once heard General Sherman, at an architectural dinner, give it as his opinion that tent life was much more wholesome than house life. And army surgeons unite in preferring tent hospitals to any other kind.)

The fact that certain terms have hitherto been held specific for only the total field of the fine arts, seems no sufficient reason why their aptness should not be extended to other fields. If Whistler were not so insistent in the expression of his contempt for any variety of his art outside of his own rendering of it, one might be inclined to give him credit for adopting this musical nomenclature—for forging this link, visible even to the generally half-blind multitude, between those two of the fine arts most in evidence before them. For a general comprehension of the indubitable fact that all the fine arts have in reality one source of inspiration, and one spring of action, would go far toward the better understanding and the better treatment of all those arts, and of all their professors, by the art-loving public—and, indeed, by the masses,—and thus toward the surer well-being of the art-executant, and the advancement of a finer civilization than that of the present. "*Etenim omnes artes quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quiddam inter se continentur.*" Cicero said two thousand years ago, and with every fresh manifestation of civilization this truth has become more apparent.

Catalogues and chronological tables of the not meagre professional output, though mainly etchings, of Whistler have long since been given to the artistic public by Thomas, Wedmore, and others, as also have all sorts of criticism on it, running through the gamut, customary where real originality appears, of arrested observation, incredulity, misapprehension, ridicule, defence, the championship and detraction of opposing partisans, and, in due sequence, the cumulative admiration

which ends in the general adoption of a new master and, unfortunately in the end for art, in a non-judicial attitude on the part of his disciples, impelling them to ascribe the same value to all that comes or has come from his hand, good, bad, or indifferent, and the worst with the best. Ruskin might better, perhaps, have not taken a leaf from Whistler's own well-thumbed book of contempt and invective when characterizing a special output of the latter in black and gold, and may himself have been far from his best mood for appreciation as to the picture's intrinsic merits; but he was entirely justified in his non-acceptance of an artist's egotistical assumption that all his work is equally worthy,—though, indeed, the claim is in most instances made by his enthusiastic but not always sagacious followers rather than by himself—whereas some temporary eclipse of his creative power may have resulted in a really inferior example.

Here are some early judgments of critics controlling journalistic or other serial art columns. Whistler is a mere "*amateur prodige.*" "Whistler is eminently" (another says "uncompromisingly") "vulgar." Another: he is "full of foppish airs and affectations." The same man who was subsequently to "stand up" with him at his wedding, Labouchere, in his *Truth*, characterizes one of his exhibitions as "another crop of Whistler's little jokes"; and the Attorney-General, in the Ruskin-Whistler libel suit, obviously agreed with "Labby" when he announced that the plaintiff had largely "increased the gaiety" of at least one nation. The *Daily Telegraph*, however, put its finger on what Whistler was undoubtedly frequently guilty of (like so many others, particularly of the so-called impressionist school), when it warned him not to "attempt to palm off his deficiencies as manifestations of power"—which was merely another way of putting a previous critic's statement that "He is really building up art out of his own imperfections." And that is certainly what not a few artists try to do, though it is the part of charity—which Bacon says

we can never have in excess—to suppose that they don't themselves realize it.

Such contemptuous criticisms as the few I have adduced from the multitude were so frequently expressed, and in such similar terms, that one can't help recognizing that habit of "follow my leader," from which only the saving remnant of the literary cliques (so abhorred of Mazzini) and, perhaps not least, the art-literary cliques of whatever passing day, seem readily to emerge. But all the same had not Burne-Jones considerable grounds for his opinion that Whistler carefully evaded the difficulties of painting because of a temperament not sufficiently robust and insistent for a habit of overcoming them? The Frenchman Anquetin, whose reputation as an authority in technique is, I believe, acknowledged in the art-world to be among the highest, accuses him of the same thing, and is still more severe in his judgment, classing him among extremely clever tricksters and jugglers ("escamoteurs"). He it is also, if my memory serves me, who characterizes much of Whistler's output as fragile, slight, and evanescent.

In these latter days the critical tune is quite changed, though the old game of "follow my leader" is just as much played as in the inappreciative, fault-finding days. Here, selected from many others, is a recent Rhadamanthian utterance—an American one—and a good type of what for a few years past, and particularly since our artist's death, it has been "the thing" to say:

Mr. Whistler has long since demonstrated his right to leadership, his superiority being quite unquestioned. . . . Since Rembrandt, no one has succeeded quite so well as Whistler in making the stroke tell for so much, in securing, by the artistic arrangement of light and shade, splendid results, and in suggesting in every way picturesque compositions. [Whistler's own brother-in-law, Haden, long ago compared him to the same prodigy in Dutch art.] All is assuredly the work of a master, of a man grandly endowed, sensitive to all the possibilities of the needle on copper. His lightest touch is full of genius, and he performs the seemingly impossible with this limited medium. Whether

in the figure or landscape, in marine or architecture, these etchings seem to have been just the proper means of expression, suiting the man's temperament exactly.

The present writer would like, in view of this laudation, to hint, for the benefit of the architectural student, that albeit architecture (that is, on its merely structural, not on its high art level—though in Venice, one of our artist's stamping-grounds, most buildings may be classed as art-architecture) is much in evidence as one of Whistler's vehicles, and fits admirably into his often superfine methods and dream-like effects, the tyro in that art will gain very much more instruction, and not seldom more inspiration, from Prout's unsurpassed renderings of architectural exterior than from Whistler's. Necessarily so, because Prout's outcome is meant to be nothing else than a rendering of selected architecture, the selections, of course, being based on an appreciation of their value as architecture *per se*; while Whistler's inclusions, as adjuncts to his portrayal of examples of the building art, mainly occur when they happen to be present in those general collocations of foregrounder degree than Whistler's, they are apt to include more of non-architectural accessories than are Prout's.

But to return to Whistler's critics, our present-day one—he is speaking of a Whistler collection of etchings and dry points—adds: "It is all very entrancing and is worth not one but many visits to look at leisurely in the ground, middle distance, and background, of water and atmosphere, of twilight, moonlight, darkness, which best afford the master an opportunity to depict physical facts as they appeal to his very sensitive and alert organization, and his rare temperament. Piranesi's masterly, if somewhat coarse, etchings of Roman architectural remains, as they appeared about a century and a half ago, may also be classed among good studies for the acquirement of proficiency in portraying existing results of the building art, though with some reservation; for, though specifically architectural in much

true spirit, reverently, and to come away full of the joy of having seen, if not of absolute possession."

Surely, however, neither indiscriminate censoriousness nor hysterical laudation should induce us to support the

pigments he lays on his canvas. We have, indeed, his own word for it that a so-called picture from his hand, accidentally placed on the wall in an exhibition of some of his finished output—a simple study, or rather, in fact, a



WHISTLER AND HIS YOUNGER BROTHER

fallacy that because Whistler deserves, by reason of his best work, the rank finally accorded him in France, where, more than elsewhere, the chiefs of graphic and plastic art speak with authority, it follows that his worst work—done perhaps with his powers at low ebb, or in self-indulgent, happy-go-lucky mood—may not be as valueless, *per se*, and apart from the market value of his mere name, as the average work of the tyro or of the disappointed senior, who cannot, being destitute of the *vivida vis animi*, work it, along with his conscientiousness, into the

mere memorandum—was "not worth the canvas it was painted on," though he caught two of his indiscriminating followers raving over it. This self-depreciatory dictum of our artist seems quite at variance with his other oracle that "the master's work is finished with the first stroke of his brush on the canvas"; but the difference is more apparent than real, for some artists of a certain temperament do not lay hands on their implements—brush, pen, chisel, burin, or what not—till their impending deliverance is so thoroughly formulated in their own brain

that their work is, to their own perception, finished. Moreover, such an unusual note of humility reminds us of the little colloquy between Whistler,

hand, for the diminutive proportions of the ordinary palette by no means suited our artist's conception of his surpassing endowments—did he not, in



WHISTLER'S MOTHER

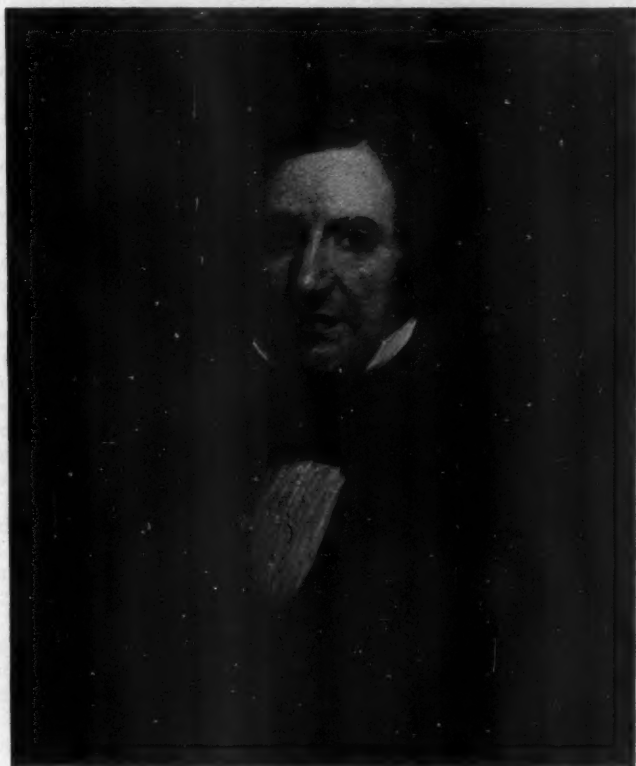
as teacher, and his class of devout students. *Question*: "Do you know what I mean when I say tone, value, light and shade, quality, movement, construction, etc.?" Pious *Answer* in chorus: "Oh, yes! Mr. Whistler." Cynical—but may we opine semi-truthful?—*Rejoinder*: "I'm glad, for it's more than I do myself."

In short, did Whistler seriously believe that he was the demigod in graphic art his nimble tongue and his facile pen, as an almost constant rule, proclaimed? Did he not, palette in hand—or, I should say, table under his

fact, play a long game of bluff rather to secure incense for the man Whistler than appreciation worth earning for the artist? He knew, of course, that the early Christians among the gentiles adopted the butterfly as an emblem of immortality; but did not the same symbol secretly commend itself to his acute fancy as representative of the combined quickness, grace, and irresponsibility he recognized in himself, and as something as far as possible removed from the "heavy weight" qualities rightly demanded by the world in its leaders, and in which he

recognized himself as lacking? This, of course, is rank heresy to his disciples, but the independent observer and analyzer need trouble himself but little with those to whom Whistler is the only painter and etcher, and the one original at all points. For instance, they quote, as something the like of which was never heard before, his remark at the Eden trial to the presiding judge who thought his charge of a thousand guineas for a portrait an excessive one: "It is true, I painted

It was substantially what most professional men, before attaining the eminence which commands the employment before-time anxiously awaited—or indirectly, sometimes directly, solicited, or fished for with more or less pulling of secret wires—have every now and then, under the law of self-preservation, or the sentiment of self-respect, had to say or to hint to their paymasters. Even the lawyer who protects the layman's property-interests, or the physician or surgeon who pro-



WHISTLER'S FATHER

that portrait in two sittings; but I did so with the experience of my whole life." That was a good retort, because it was true and was entirely apt to the occasion, unlike many of the speaker's *jeux d'esprit*.

But it was not in the least original.

It protects his health and life, have occasion to resort to it when encountering an ignorant or stingy client or patient. How much more the laborer in any field of art, whose output, from the Philistinistic point of view, is mere play and self-indulgence, not solid,

marketable product. One recalls the hint Rubens gave his imperial patron—his picture of the monarch's hand shaking an empty purse over the artist's outstretched palm. I have many times

product from the question of time expended and money invested in it.

If one agrees that any masterly reproduction in art of objects or conditions in nature worthy of selection and



WHISTLER'S MATERNAL AUNT
(From the first drawing made by Whistler)

had occasion to note the substance of Whistler's retort from the lips or pen of the architect. It is, in fact, difficult for the often but superficially cultured man, who has achieved pecuniary success in the channels of trade or manufacture, to separate the value of any

permanent record and rangement is entitled to its proper, if almost infinitesimal, share of the reverence due to the Supreme Designer and Creator of the gift of expression, as of all other gifts, and if one, being of much observation and long memory, contrasts the

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slowly cumulating consensus of laudatory opinion, culminating in this sentiment of reverence, with earlier inappreciation, non-recognition, disparagement, neglect, and privation, one can hardly fail to make much allowance for the external souring of a nature that has been the object of such contrary estimate, while all along, or at least quite soon, the possessor of the gift must have been conscious of his own value, and probably at no time disposed to underrate himself or it. Inopportune conditions of earlier manhood, unfortunately too common with the practitioners of any of the fine arts, were doubtless, too, in Whistler's case, intensified to his highstrung organization by his memories of the well-sheltered boyhood, disclosed in my extracts from his mother's journal, and by some contact, more or less close, but everything being seen through very sharp young eyes, with court life. One is, therefore, much inclined to take a quite indulgent view of his course. Yet in the interest of art itself and of that future and higher civilization toward which art, with its all-illuminating and unquenchable torch, leads, at the same time that it beautifies, the way, it may be quite necessary for some one to attempt to indicate the injury which accrues to the progress of civilization from the shortcomings and mistakes of the professors of art. It is my belief that Whistler should be presented to the rising generation of artists who adopt graphic rendering as their specialty, not only as a shining example, but as a warning.

It is quite true that the man of genius, before it is recognized by the multitude, is often impelled, through the mere instinct of self-preservation, to become more or less of a recluse; but if his social instincts be strong, or if circumstances compel him to mix much and continuously with average or inferior men, he is apt to wear some sort of armor, or at least a slight mask, but not infrequently his panoply of protection and defence takes the form of irony and his mask of persiflage or buffoonery. When, however, through the medium of the competent critic—

of course, as in the case of all other vocations, the opinion of most professional critics is accepted as final only by the masses of onlookers—when through the competent art critic (sometimes, indeed, mainly through the competent art dealer), the artist has gained his rightful reputation, the excuse for flamboyant and spectacular self-advertisement no longer exists. But what is to be said in the case of the artist who, after being recognized at his top-level, objects to being, as a colorist, classed on the lower level which is all his inordinate self-appreciation, or his game of bluff, assigns to Velasquez, and who doubtless also regarded himself, as a limner and etcher, superior to Rembrandt?—of the artist who, among a gallery hung with pictures of the Royal Academicians, likens one painting by Leighton to "a diamond in the sty," which compliment, paid only because it affords opportunity for wholesale detraction of all the other artists represented, does not prevent his jealous, sour sneer, "Paints too, I believe," after hearing a eulogy on Leighton's versatility and rare accomplishments? How must those who think that ethics as well as art have their place in the world, characterize his treatment of Leyland in the matter of the peacock room? What is to be said of the one-sided, sharp-bargaining egoist who, in his diamond-cut-diamond duel with Sir William Eden, lauds his own "thoughtless kind feeling and exquisite taste," and tells him it is "impossible" for himself, Whistler, to "write a rude letter," just as if the grossest rudeness may not be varnished with extreme politeness? "*Grattez le baronnet*," he says, "*et vous trouverez le boutiquier*." But it is as plain as noonday that the animus leading to the suit (which, luckily for Whistler, was determined in France) was, on the Butterfly's side at least as much as on the Baronet's, the merest "tradesman's and huckster's" attempt to get as much as possible for as little as possible—"something for nothing." What is to be said of his refusal in several instances, after being paid his own price in advance, to give up to

their owners the portraits of them he had finished to his own satisfaction? His unreasoning apologists attribute such practice to "supreme devotion to his art." Those who regard the golden rule as the paramount one for the conduct of life view it as the fruit of a self-worship that did not halt at—however he may have deluded or compromised with his conscience—sheer dishonesty, and as a direct blow at the fair repute and good name of artists—the confraternity to which, as a member thereof, he owed something—in the lay community that sustains them.

Whistler's sign manual, the butterfly, may have commended itself to the self-gauging artist no less than to the early Christians, as an emblem of the immortality he deemed, or pretended to deem, his due—of the glorious ascent from the tomb that ended an ignoble period of crawling on the earth's surface. But perhaps also, feeling the need of a mask, yet realizing



WHISTLER'S GRANDFATHER

that even the lightest would be too rigid and burdensome for his mobile features, he adopted, in preference, an airy, graceful, gay-hued go-between, whose light-winged flutterings should

ward off the annoyance of the too-familiar gaze of the exoteric multitude from his own superfine lineaments. He waxes wroth that Ruskin should be "undismayed by the presence of the Masters with whose names he is sacrilegiously familiar." *Mirabile visu!* The impious self-seeker Ruskin pilloried by the saintly altruist Whistler! And what are all the other masters in comparison with the superior of Velasquez? Is he not the man who, like the royal critic of Spain, feels sure that if he had had the making of the world he would have put together a much better one than the Lord did? Is not he, Whistler, the last and greatest of the masters, who, while condescendingly allowing that "God is always good," thinks Him "sometimes careless," and that the Nature on which He has placed His stamp is "usually wrong"; that it gives only "slovenly suggestions," that it "seldom succeeds in producing a picture," and that "unlimited admiration is given to very foolish sunsets"? Every thinking person realizes that the Creator has endowed His chief work with faculties for discrimination, selection, alteration in dealing with Nature's output, and every designer of partly factitious landscape knows that insignificant details—as compared with the masses in Nature's layout—of terrene structure and of vegetation may be advantageously handled for the attainment of some desired specific effect. But our meek Whistler thinks nothing of arraigning the Almighty for not trimming and posing the last detail for the artist's immediate behoof in front of his canvas, and for making his sunsets so resplendent and luminous that all Whistler's pigments and deftness of finger fall immeasurably short of the glorified tints and subtle blendings so foolishly spread over the western sky. But, after all, he is not wholly pessimistic as regards the future of Nature. He admits that she may improve and perhaps "creep up to" himself.

Before leaving the butterfly mark, one need hardly be accused of an unbalanced imagination if one connects its varieties of expression, on the

artist's etchings, with the varying moods of a highly sensitive temperament. The delicate lines, diminutive as is the space allowed them, are as full of varying expressions as are the curves and incisions of a tiny Japanese carving in ivory. Generally a human grin is traceable in the few strokes on its central white background, and this is intensified when the butterfly's chevelure-like wings are dark and well defined. Sometimes there is a suggestion of the nude human body with limbs of wire. It was probably in pessimistic moods that the insect was given a forked proboscis or a forked tail, and, in a specially venomous access of feeling, two forked tails. In one instance the forked tail is curled far above the head and stretches beyond an astral nebula. In such a sphere the artist's fancy had doubtless often distorted itself. In at least one of the river-etchings the butterfly looks like a human head submerged to the lips and still sinking. In "The Baronet and the Butterfly"—as complete an example, probably, of self-glorification, studied insolence, and special pleading, as is extant, even in the autobiographical inscriptions of Egyptian or Assyrian sovereigns—the far-soaring insect has hitched itself, like Emerson's wagon, to a star, and, overpassing the flood and the commercial features squat on its brink, ascends, "*rayonnant de gloire*," through the clouds, *ad astra*. The butterfly signature to Whistler's resumé of the legal findings in this *cause célèbre* of a lady's outpainted portrait in brown and gold is evidently meant for himself, winged and fork-tailed, capering in a closing dance of triumph, after some prefatory high-kicking, as displayed on the title-page.

It is worth mentioning that the butterfly emblem, which some say had its origin as a free paraphrase of the artist's monogram, was not used by the artist in his first etchings, the Thames series, of the early sixties. After the publication of that series there was an intermission of a good

many years before he returned to the dry point and needle. This he did at the instigation of Mr. Avery, on the



WHISTLER'S GRANDMOTHER

latter showing him the collection he had gathered (much more complete than that possessed by the artist himself), some time in the late seventies or early eighties. It was only then that he adopted the butterfly signature, trademark, or "marginal remark," whichever he may have preferred to have it considered; though, if the first, it is often a pleonasm alongside of his manuscript signature; if the second it is surely *infra dig.* for one "chosen of the gods" to stand behind a bargain counter; and if the last it is as surely violative of his own dictum that "marginal remarks are odious." However that may be, the butterfly became finally his recognized signature, on bank cheque no less than on picture.



Copyright, 1905
Edmund C. Tarbell

A GIRL CROCHETING
From a painting by Edmund C. Tarbell

Edmund C. Tarbell

EDMUND C. TARBELL creates in his paintings a nucleus of objects and thoughts so fused that through the aspect of the visible the spectator comes to feel the sentiment of the intangible. The artist's grasp of such a combination, the result of felicitous selection and presentation, has reached its highest level in his most recent production, the "Girl Crocheting." Before the first exhibition of the canvas Mr. Tarbell held his reputation chiefly through his interest in open-air studies of landscapes and figure compositions. However, with this last effort, in treating a room and its occupant, he has turned towards a new field, one that recalls the Dutch indoor scenes of women about their household duties, so typical of Terborch and the men of his class. In the present instance a girl, wearing a conventional modern shirtwaist and skirt, sits tranquilly beside a mahogany table, where she bends over her crocheting in silent absorption. The light, from the window behind her, falls softly upon her hair and back, upon the rough surface of the wall, across a copy of a Velasquez, and some Japanese prints that fade into the mellow shadows, and over the highly polished table-top. The attitude of the figure remains both natural and realistic. The room certainly displays nothing uncommon. It should be a matter of comparative ease for Mr. Tarbell, with his thorough technical training and original sense of beauty, to create, by an anecdotal category of details, a simple likeness of such an unsophisticated young woman, and such frank surroundings. His unusual qualities, in this case, lie in a capacity to associate with the forms at his command thoughts and feelings that are tranquil. For, by means of his insight into the possibilities of warm, modified lights, and by means of his ability to deal with semi-opaque shadows and reflected color he has infiltrated hum drum, every-day situation with a poetical atmosphere strangely devoid of the usual accompanying mystery. Perhaps much of

the charm of his search for the thought in unaffected objects may be credited to his apparent dislike of over-subtile but always-to-be-discovered tricks, employed to reveal dexterity on the part of the artist rather than graciousness or strength on the part of the art. Mr. Tarbell draws with a lovable touch that never fails to remain in keeping with his clearly chosen shades and accents of light. He fills with breadth his delicate regard for color. In his treatment of actual surfaces he exhibits a definite understanding and skill in dealing with various textures, as when he succeeds in the unusual task of contrasting the clear reflected light of the girl's shirtwaist against the dull, luminous glow of the wall. Again and again he repeats his faculty of spreading suggestiveness and individuality of character without mannerisms. Yet that he may more completely raise himself above the level of an imitator to the position where he may bind feeling and fact into a comprehensive whole, he works cleverly and sympathetically at his calling, that by nature must be one of deception. Nevertheless, he sees to it that the deception remains plausible, and in this plausibility he hides and yet expresses what he feels by what he sees.

Edmund C. Tarbell was born in West Groton, Massachusetts, in 1862. He first studied painting at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where he remained until he went to Paris. There, with Eugene Benson, also a Boston painter, he worked under Daunat, Boulanger, Lefebvre, and in the Académie Julien. Since his return he has devoted himself almost entirely to New England, painting what he found first at hand, and teaching in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He is a member of the National Academy of Design. His work has received numerous prizes both abroad at Paris and at home, as in the case of the Shaw fund at the Society of American Artists.

H. ST. G.

A Portrait of Coleridge by Washington Allston

By ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

THE original of this portrait of Coleridge is at present on exhibition at the Boston Museum, loaned by the owner, Mr. Richard H. Dana, a great-nephew of the artist. The fact that Allston painted two different portraits of the poet at an interval of eight years has been the cause of no little confusion. Indeed, the two portraits are so different—more so than is accounted for by the mere difference in age—that to have the one picture in mind while reading a description of the other naturally led to the most rasping of arguments on the part of otherwise highly estimable persons.

This portrait, which is, I believe, reproduced for the first time, was painted in 1805, when Coleridge was in Rome. Although but thirty-three years of age, his best work was already done, and he had left England in the vain hope of regaining his lost health. While in Rome, Coleridge's chief intimates were the two Americans, Allston, then twenty-six years old, and Washington Irving, the brilliant young law clerk who had not yet begun his literary career with the *Salmagundi* papers. It was the charm and fellowship of these days in Rome that caused Irving's short-lived determination to throw up the study of the law and become a painter. We may thank our stars that later he saw that the sudden resolution was due rather to his admiration of Allston and the glamour of the Italian landscape, than to any real talent for art. After all, we should miss Washington Irving from our literature rather more than Washington Allston from our art.

The three congenial young men certainly enjoyed rare times in the glorious old-world capital. As Allston painted, Coleridge would hold forth in the wonderful way we have heard so much about, on every subject under the sun. And not only do we hear of

these talks in the studio, but also as they took place during the long walks which the trio indulged in about the city. Allston, looking back on it all, said humorously: "Coleridge used to call Rome 'the silent city,' but I could never think of it as such while with him, for meet him when and where I would, the fountain of his mind was never dry, but, like the far-reaching aqueducts that once supplied this mistress of the world, its living stream seemed specially to flow for every classic ruin over which we wandered."

Of the quality of this flow of language, Allston has given us this high praise: "When I recall some of our walks," he says, "under the pines of the Villa Borghese, I am almost tempted to dream that I have once listened to Plato in the groves of the Academy."

When we remember, not only the universal eulogies of Coleridge's powers of conversation, but also those that were showered on the social and intellectual charm of both Allston and Irving, we may well regret the loss to the world of the permanent record which Coleridge had prepared. These papers were among those which the panic-stricken sea-captain forced him to throw overboard when followed by the spies of Buonaparte.

We are given here and there in the correspondence of Allston an inkling of some of the conversations. Evidently at least once there was waged a heated discussion over the comparative merits of the Greek and Gothic architecture. Coleridge is quoted as declaring that while "Grecian architecture is a thing, Gothic architecture is an idea," and then followed the delicious boast that he "*could make a Greek temple of two brickbats and a cocked hat!*"

The friendship between the poet and the painter lasted for more than twenty-five years. Allston once de-



COLERIDGE

From a painting by Washington Allston in the possession of Mr. Richard H. Dana

clared, "to no other man do I owe so much intellectually as to Mr. Coleridge," and Coleridge wrote Allston:

"Had I not known the Wordsworths, I should have esteemed and loved you first and most, and as it is, next to them I love and honor you."

When Allston was seriously ill in Bristol in 1813, Coleridge rushed to him and nursed him devotedly. It was during Allston's convalescence that he painted the second portrait of the poet, which now hangs at the National Portrait Gallery in London, and of which Wordsworth said: "It is the only likeness that ever gave me any pleasure; it is incomparably the finest likeness taken of Coleridge."

The Bristol portrait was painted for a friend and admirer of Coleridge, Mr. Wade, who valued it so highly that, although apparently agreeing with Wordsworth that the picture should hang in some public gallery, nevertheless on his death willed it to a relative with the injunction not to part with it. In some way, years after, largely, it is said, through the efforts of Wordsworth, the portrait was finally secured for the National Portrait Gallery. When, in 1854, this portrait was for the first time placed in the hands of an engraver, the London *Guardian* said of it:

It is by far the finest portrait of Coleridge in existence, and much more recalls the power and intellect of the face than any other we ever saw. He is sitting in a room which has something of an antique cast about it, with his hand upon a book, looking upward; the portliness and white hair of middle life have come upon him, but the expression of his face is very refined and beautiful, and the form of his head grand and noble.

Allston himself said:

So far as I can judge of my own production, the likeness of Coleridge is a true one, but it is Coleridge in repose; and though not unstirred by the perpetual ground-swell of his ever-working intellect, and shadowing forth something of the deep philosopher, it is not Coleridge in his highest mood, the poetic state, when the divine afflatus possessed him.

When in that state [he goes on to say] no face I ever saw was like his: it seemed almost spirit made

visible without a shadow of the physical upon it. Could I then have fixed it upon canvas! but it was beyond the reach of my art.

I wonder if Allston realized that in the earlier and unfinished portrait his art had reached higher, that he had caught more of that "divine afflatus," more of the fire and intrepidity of genius. His biographer says of it, "it is extremely interesting, and though far from finished, does not disappoint the admirers of Coleridge"! This is lukewarm praise, indeed, it would seem to me, for I am of the opinion that this unfinished portrait, taken just as it was left by the artist, is more interesting and satisfactory as a portrait than any of the "finished" ones I have seen, and this includes the one by Leslie, as well as that of the very young poet painted by Vandyke.* And not only do I hold this earlier Allston portrait of Coleridge above all the others, but as the best canvas I have seen from the hand of Allston. The charm of the picture lies not alone in the subject; it is handled with great vigor and certainty; there is a dash and spirit about it that is exceptional, perhaps, in any age, certainly in the age in which it was painted. Here is the inspiration red-hot, before it has been pressed into the mould of conventionality, according to the strait-laced rules of "historical painting," which had their influence even when the subject was a contemporary.

Wherein lies the oft-felt but never explained charm of some unfinished paintings? That some have thought the charm consists merely in the lack of finish has proved the undoing of many a modern artist. To leave a poor picture unfinished adds neither to its charm nor value. In so far as anything so intangible as charm may permit of analysis, I should say the truth lies approximately here: A picture may possess a certain indescribably subtle quality, which lends fascination to it; this quality once achieved, there is danger that it escape while the artist is trying to give it the

* Of this later Vandyke, Cunningham quaintly says, "he was allied more in name than talent with him of the days of Charles I."

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quality of permanence. A great artist knows how to be master of his genius without making it wilt and sicken under obvious bonds. Spontaneity, life, freshness of statement, directness of means employed, subordination of

It may be interesting to end with Allston's own remarks in his *Lectures on Art* upon unfinished paintings:

I may here notice [he says] a false notion which is current among artists, that some parts of a pic-



ANOTHER NEW PORTRAIT OF COLERIDGE

A contemporary portrait, hitherto unpublished, of the poet Coleridge; the work of R. Dawe, R.A., and an illustration in Lord Coleridge's history of this famous Devonshire family. London, Fisher Unwin; New York, Charles Scribner's Sons

the unessential,—all these are qualities that in a painting make for charm, and they are as elusive as the will-o'-the-wisp! One moment the charm is there, the next it is not. It happens, for instance, that it is felt supremely in the unfinished "Athenæum portraits" of Washington and his wife and in the delightful unfinished portrait of Mrs. Percy Morton, of Gilbert Stuart, as it is felt in this unfinished portrait of Allston. Let us not attempt further to break the butterfly on the wheel; let us simply be grateful!

ture should be left unfinished. The very statement betrays its unsoundness, for that which is unfinished must necessarily be imperfect; so that, according to this rule, imperfection is made essential to perfection.

Of course, in one way he is quite right: one cannot catch a will-o'-the-wisp with a yard-stick! But I have a notion that Allston would scarcely approve of my holding his unfinished "Coleridge" in as high esteem as I do. All of which goes to show that a painter may paint better than his theories!

The Young Pretender

By J. SANFORD SALTUS

THE next King of France! Who will he be? A question often asked by the adherents of the Duc de Orléans, Don Carlos, Victor Napoleon, and Jean de Bourbon, the youngest of the "Pretenders," whose claim to the throne of Louis XVI. rests upon the assumption that he is his great-grandson and grandson of Louis XVII.* ("Naundorff"), the Dauphin (?) who according to popular rumor died in prison June 8, 1795, and was buried at night



AUGUSTE-JEAN-CHARLES-EMMANUEL DE BOURBON
(JEAN III.), 1906, GRANDSON OF "NAUNDORFF."
(LOUIS XVII.)

in an unmarked grave by the wall of the churchyard of Ste.-Marguerite† in an obscure quarter of Paris. That the

*"Correspondance et Intimé et Louis XVII." by Otto Friedrichs, Paris, 1905, is a most scholarly and interesting work on "Naundorff" and his claims.

† See the publication, "Ville de Paris, 1904, Commission du Vieux l'ancien Cimetière Paroissial de Sainte-Marguerite, Historique Inhumation du Dauphin Disparition prochaine (1694-1904) Annexe au Procès Verbal de la Séance du Février, 1904"; and "Le Cimetière du Sainte-Marguerite et la Sépulture de Louis XVII." par Lucien Lambeaux, Paris, 1905.

Dauphin did not die in prison, but that with the assistance of friends he made his "escape" therefrom—a sick child being left in his stead,—is now the almost universally accepted belief of historians. It is also thought that his "escape" was known to Fouché and assisted by Josephine Beauharnais, and that beside the sick child several other children, whose names are said to have been Tardif, Leminger, de Jarjages, and Gornhaut, were used as "blinds," while the real Louis XVII. was being helped out of the country by the Royalists. But at present it is not my purpose to write about Louis XVII., but to tell a little about Auguste-Jean-Charles-Emmanuel de Bourbon and his antecedents, or Jean III. as he is known to his followers and supporters, now rapidly increasing in numbers and influence.

At Delft, August 10, 1845, ended the strange, adventurous life of the exile Charles William Naundorff,* whose grave in the old cemetery (at Delft) soon after his interment bore, by official permission, the following inscription:

Ici Repose

LOUIS XVII :

Roi de France et de Navarre
Charles Louis Duc de Normandie
Né à Versailles le 27 Mars 1785
Décédé à Delft le 10 Août 1845

June 8, 1904, the remains of "Naundorff" were exhumed and re-interred in the new cemetery at Delft, and once more by official permission the old inscription appears upon the tombstone.

King William II., King William III., Queen Wilhelmina, have allowed this inscription to remain unmolested. Why?

On the coming of age of the "Naundorffs" the Dutch government grants to them the legal right to the name de Bourbon.

* At Versailles, in the presence of Bismarck, Jules Favre signed the armistice, and he sealed it with a ring he wore. The ring was a present to him from Naundorff!

In 1818 "Naundorff" married Jeanne-Frédérique Einert, and while it is thought that he resembled Marie-Antoinette more than Louis XVI., two at least of his eight children, the late Charles-Louis (Charles XI.), and Marie-Thérèse, born in 1835 and still living, are pure Bourbon types. The profile of Marie-Thérèse, as shown in a recent photograph, is almost identical with that of Louis XVI.

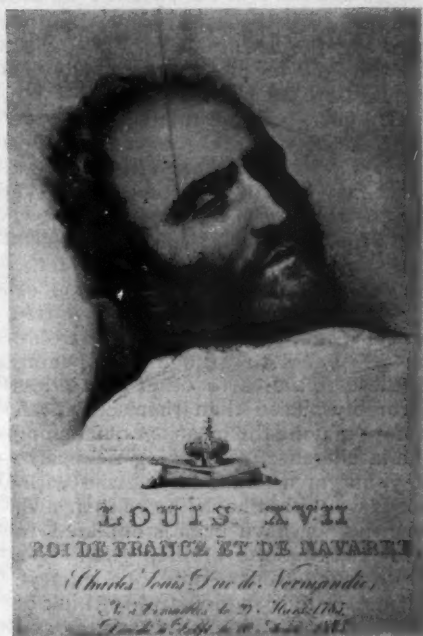
The late Charles-Edmond, "Naundorff's" fifth child, was the father of Jean de Bourbon, who was born at Maëstricht, November 6, 1872, and married February 7, 1898, Mlle. Cuillé. Their only child, Henri-Charles-Louis (the Dauphin), was born November 27, 1899.

In their pleasant home on the Faubourg St.-Honoré, every Wednesday afternoon "Prince and Princess" de Bourbon hold an informal reception, where their "party," and scholars interested in "The question," meet and talk of what France was in the past, of what France may be in the future, and perhaps glance at the latest number of *La Légitimité*, the recognized organ of the "Naundorffists," now in its twenty-third year, or one of the books on Louis XVII., of which quite a number have been published during the last six months.

The bust of "Naundorff" stands in the corner, and while the features of "Prince Jean" show a resemblance, in the young man the Bourbon nose is more pronounced and in the long thin eyebrows there is a most startling reminder of Marie-Antoinette.

Two little incidents will serve to show how strongly the marks of heredity are noticeable in the face of "Prince Jean." A domestic saw him in the

hall of the hotel where I was stopping and soon after, on seeing a picture of "Naundorff" on my writing table, re-



"NAUNDORFF" LOUIS XVII.

Taken soon after his death in Delft in 1845

marked, "I saw a gentleman in the hall to-day—I don't know who he was, but he looked like this picture." On the Rue de Rivoli I purchased a postcard on which was the head of Marie-Antoinette, evidently a reproduction from an old picture. I showed it to a friend, and instantly came the exclamation: "I only saw him once, but what a wonderful likeness to Jean de Bourbon!"



The Great Commonplaces of Reading*

By JOHN MORLEY

THERE are those who have misgivings lest the multiplication of public libraries and means of access to books should have the effect of slackening the native energy of the mind, dulling the edge of the will, and numbing mother wit. That is the view of some, and there may be danger of the kind. We have not yet had experience to know, but I cannot conceive how these effects can come from a judicious use of the knowledge and stimulation books alone can supply. For people who have free access to all forms of literature it would be selfishness to grudge the opening of these treasures to other people less favorably placed than themselves. A library may be the means of quickening the intelligence, of opening new paths to young men and women, who without it would not have known their own faculties, or have been stimulated to make the best use of their gifts. We waste many things, time, and money; but no waste is so dreadful to think of as the waste of human character and the brain above the average of a man's fellows, through not giving access to those agencies and instruments that develop the exceptional brain or larger heart to full available capacity and service.

The object of reading is not to dip into everything that even wise men have ever written. In the words of one of the most winning writers of English that ever existed—Cardinal Newman—the object of literature in education is to open the mind, to correct it, to refine it, to enable it to comprehend and digest its knowledge, to give it power over its own faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, address, and expression. These are the objects of that intellectual perfection which a literary education is destined to give.

Literature consists of all the books—

and they are not so many—where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form. My notion of a literary student is one who through books explores the strange voyages of man's moral reason, the impulses of the human heart, the chances and changes that have overtaken human ideals of virtue and happiness, of conduct and manners, and the shifting fortunes of great conceptions of truth and virtue. Poets, dramatists, humorists, satirists, masters of fiction, the great preachers, the character-writers, the maxim-writers, the great political orators—they are all literature in so far as they teach us to know man and to know human nature. This is what makes literature, rightly sifted and selected and rightly studied, not the mere elegant trifling that it is so often and so erroneously supposed to be, but a proper instrument for a systematic training of the imagination and sympathies, and of a genial and varied moral sensibility.

What is needed is the historic sense of the progress through the ages. This is of more importance than all the events got out of the three-decker volumes of history. What should be known is the progress of the world as a whole, and its effects on the human heart in all its variations. These are the important matters, and it is as much the object of a library to give a key to this general interest and knowledge as to provide special information. Every good library is in itself a book. As a collection of books it has abundant value; but, more than that, it represents the thoughts, the feelings, the motives, the impulses of men of all ages. All the leading facts of life are there; all the differences between man and man; all the differences between the ages are there—the tears, the laughter, the labors of mankind are in a library; the efforts, the failures, the glories, the idle dreams and their mis-

* This paper is composed of several extemporaneous addresses on books and reading, and has been revised for this publication by Mr. Morley.—EDITOR CARRIC.

chiefs—the whole overwhelming drama of humanity is there. To be sensible of this there must be what some one has called the “feel” of a library. I agree with a friend who tells me that when, at night, he puts out his library lamp, and turns the key in the door, leaving all the procession of saints, sages, warriors, and martyrs, the champions of freedom, truth, and justice, those who had been trampled down and failed, and those who have succeeded and been torchbearers to truth, leaving them all in a sort of sublime solitude and darkness, it is then he feels, more than in the working day, the true pathos of mankind, the deep mystery of time.

No sensible person can suppose for a single moment that everybody is born with the ability for using books, for reading and studying literature. Certainly not everybody is born with the capacity of being a great scholar. All people are no more born great scholars, like Gibbon and Bentley, than they are all born great musicians, like Handel and Beethoven. What is much worse than that, many come into the world with the incapacity of reading, just as they come into it with the incapacity of distinguishing one tune from another. To them I have nothing to say. Even the morning paper is too much for them. They can only skim the surface even of that. I go farther, and frankly admit that the habit and power of reading with reflection, comprehension, and memory all alert and awake, does not come at once to the natural man any more than many other sovereign virtues come to that interesting creature.

What I do venture to press upon you is that it requires no preterhuman force of will in any young man or woman—unless household circumstances are more than usually vexatious and unfavorable—to get at least half-an-hour out of a solid busy day for good and disinterested reading. Some will say that this is too much to expect, and the first persons to say it, I venture to predict, will be those who waste their time most. At any rate, if I cannot get half-an-hour, I will be content with

a quarter. Now, in half-an-hour I fancy you can read fifteen or twenty pages of Burke; or you can read one of Wordsworth's masterpieces—say, the lines on Tintern; or, say, one-third—if a scholar, in the original, and if not, in a translation—of a book of the “Iliad” or the “Æneid.” I do not think that I am filling the half-hour too full. But try for yourselves what you can read in half-an-hour. Then multiply the half-hour by 365, and consider what treasures you might have laid by at the end of the year, and what happiness, fortitude, and wisdom they would have given you during all the days of your life.

You may have often heard from others, or may have found out, how good it is to have on your shelves, however scantily furnished they may be, three or four of those books to which it is well to give ten minutes every morning, before going down into the battle and choking dust of the day. Men will name these books for themselves. One will choose the Bible, another Goethe, one the “Imitation of Christ,” another Wordsworth. Perhaps it matters little what it may be so long as your writer has cheerful seriousness, elevation, calm, and, above all, a sense of size and strength, which shall open out the day before you, and bestow gifts of fortitude and mastery.

The possession of some books is a real necessity for all. I have had in my time in perambulating England, for political orations or other purposes, to mingle much among what are called the upper middle classes—I hate these distinctions of classes, but my meaning will be understood—and I was constantly appalled at the shocking trumpery I found on the shelves of those who were kind enough to entertain me on those occasions. Much talk there is of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Bacon, of Locke, and so forth; but how many copies of these authors, not to mention Burke and others, but of authors whose names are continually on our lips, are to be found in private houses? Not a quarter as many as might be expected. Of course, everybody who is able to possess anything beyond bread and

cheese, clothing, and the wherewithal to keep a roof over his head, ought to possess some three, four, or five books: it is surprising how very few the volumes are that contain the root of the matter in literature, the gems and pearls and fine gold of literature. It is a great mistake to think you cannot understand or enjoy the pleasures of literature unless you possess a library: a very few books will serve, if rightly chosen. It is a great thing to know such books, so that the world, past, present, and future, shall not be all cloud and chaos to the mind, without order, system, or significance. Those who know very little of the past and care very little for the future will make but a sorry business of the present. The present, or what Goethe called "this portion of eternity," concerns us most; but we shall not understand the present, nor have the means to deal with its problems and duties, unless we have some notion of the general order of the past and experience for the future. For the past you must know history.

The greatest lesson of history is the fact of its oneness; of the inter-dependence of all the elements that have in the course of long ages made the European of to-day what we see him to be. It is, no doubt, necessary for clear and definite understanding and comprehension to isolate your phenomenon, and to follow the stream of our history separately. But that cannot be enough. We must also see that this stream is the effluent of a far broader and mightier flood—whose springs and sources and great tributaries lay higher up in the history of mankind.

We are learning [says Mr. Freeman, whose little book on the "Unity of History" I cannot be wrong in warmly recommending even to the busiest] that European history, even from its first glimmerings to our own day, is one unbroken drama, no part of which can be rightly understood without reference to the other parts which come before and after it. We are learning that of this great drama Rome is the centre, the point to which all roads lead, and from which all roads lead no less. The world of independent Greece stands on one side of it; the world of modern Europe stands on another. But the history alike of the great centre itself, and of

its satellites on either side, can never be fully grasped except from a point of view wide enough to take in the whole group, and to mark the relations of each of its members to the centre and to one another.

Now, the counsel which our learned historian thus urges upon the scholar and the leisured student equally represents the point of view which is proper for the more numerous classes. The scale will have to be reduced; all save the very broadest aspects of things will have to be left out; none save the highest ranges and the streams of most copious volume will find a place in that map. Small as is the scale, and many as are its omissions, yet if a man has intelligently followed the very shortest course of universal history, it will be the fault of his teacher if he has not acquired an impressive conception, which will never be effaced, of the destinies of man upon the earth; of the mighty confluence of forces working on from age to age, which have their meeting in every one of us; of the order in which each state of society has followed its foregoer, according to great and changeless laws "embracing all things and all times"; of the thousand faithful hands that have, one after another, each in their several degrees, orders, and capacities, trimmed the silver lamp of knowledge, and kept its sacred flame bright, from generation to generation and age to age, now in one land and now in another, from its early spark among far-off dim Chaldeans down to Goethe and Faraday and Darwin, and all the other good workers of our day.

The shortest course of universal history will let him see how he owes to the Greek civilization, on the shores of the Mediterranean two thousand years back, a debt extending from the architectural forms of our buildings to some of the most systematic operations of his own mind; will let him see the forum of Rome, its roads and its gates—

What conflux issuing forth or entering in,
Praetors, Proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting or on return, in robes of state—

all busily welding an empire together
in a marvellous framework of citizen-

ship, manners, and laws, that laid assured foundations for a still higher civilization that was to come after. He will learn how when the Roman Empire declined, then at Damascus and Bagdad and Seville the Mahometan conquerors took up the torch of science and learning, and handed it on to Western Europe when the new generations were ready. He will learn how in the meantime, during ages which we both wrongly and ungratefully call dark, from Rome again, that other great organization, the mediæval Church, had arisen, which, amid many imperfections, and some crimes, did a work that no glory of physical science can equal, and no instrument of physical science can compass, in purifying men's appetites, in setting discipline and direction on their lives, and in offering to humanity new types of moral obligation and fairer ideals of saintly perfection, whose light still shines like a star to guide our own poor voyages. It is only by this contemplation of the life of our race as a whole that men see the beginnings and the ends of things; learn not to be near-sighted in history, but to look before and after; see their own part and lot in the rising up and going down of empires and faiths since first recorded time began; and what I am contending for is that, even if you can go no farther than the mere vestibule of this ancient and ever venerable Temple of many marvels, you will have opened the way to a kind of knowledge that not only enlightens the understanding, but enriches the character—which is a higher thing than mere intellect—and makes it constantly alive with the spirit of beneficence.

I know it is said that such a view of collective history is true, but that you will never get plain people to respond to it; it is a thing for intellectual diletanti and moralizing virtuosi. Well, we do not know, because we have never yet honestly tried, what the commonest people will or will not respond to. When Sir Richard Wallace's pictures were being exhibited at Bethnal Green, after people had said that the workers had no souls for art, and

would not appreciate its treasures, a story is told of a female in very poor clothes gazing intently at a picture of the Infant Jesus in the arms of His Mother, and then exclaiming: "*Who would not try to be a good woman who had such a child as that?*" We have never yet, I say, tried the height and pitch to which our people are capable of rising.

If a man is despondent about his work, the best remedy that I can prescribe to him is to turn to a good biography; there he will find that other men before him have known the dreary reaction that follows long-sustained effort, and he will find that one of the differences between the first-rate man and the fifth-rate lies in the vigor with which the first-rate man recovers from this reaction, and crushes it down, and again flings himself once more upon the breach. I remember the wisest and most virtuous man I have ever known, or am ever likely to know—Mr. Mill—once saying to me that, whenever he had written anything, he always felt profoundly dissatisfied with it, and it was only by reflecting that he had felt the same about other pieces, of which the world had thought well, that he could bring himself to send the new production to the printer. The heroism of the scholar and the truth-seeker is not less admirable than the heroism of the man-at-arms.

I understand that in the library at Woolwich, which has been open for three years, the proportion of books issued is something like—fiction, 65 per cent.; history and biography, 15 per cent.; poetry, 7 per cent.; travel and topography, 7½ per cent.; natural science, 6 per cent.; and useful arts—well, the rest. That is, using the word in its technical sense, but under certain circumstances I would call poetry useful, and even for the 65 per cent. of fiction there is something to be said—not, of course, for the trash which too often takes the honored name of fiction. I might justify the claim of poetry and fiction to be classed among the books called useful, as rousing and stirring the imagination. Our prosaic lives need all the stir and imagination poetry

and fiction can give. Can any one say that it is a deplorable thing that so much attention should be given to Walter Scott, Dickens, Dumas, Thackeray, George Eliot, Jane Austen, Mrs. Gaskell, and other admirable storytellers, not to mention living authors, which might seem invidious? If fiction takes a large place in a library, I do not care so far as it promotes cheerfulness and good humor, for that is wanted. Information is, of course, the object of everybody, but cheerfulness and good humor are as important as any information, except information on our own special calling. Of course, it may seem deplorable that drama and poetry should be in the proportion of 260 volumes to 3300 of fiction in a public library, but it does not surprise nor discourage me.

Characters in fiction live with us, and are as much part of our lives as our friends in our own street. Some of the characters in fiction are as real to us as the great characters in history. Of course, our comparisons of men of action with men of literature are idle and meaningless: and when we are told the world of books is peopled with shadows, in a sense it is true—we are all shadows. But the figures in books, through which great ideas have been launched into the world, characters who exhibit human nature in large and striking aspects, creations of poetry and fiction—they are not shadows: they are substance. Would any man say that Napoleon Bonaparte is the substance, but Goethe and Byron, his contemporaries, mere transient shadows; or that Pitt, Fox, Canning, and Castlereagh are substances, but Scott, Shelley, and Wordsworth mere phantoms? It would be wrong to say any such thing. These men are the directors of thought into the grooves in which it moves: their books contain substance; and there is far more that is shadowy in the events of the lives of great actors, to whom we rashly give the name of reality and real history. The great Duke of Marlborough said that he had learnt all the history he ever knew out of Shakespeare's historical plays. I have long thought that if

we persuaded those classes who have to fight their own little Battles of Blenheim for bread every day, to make such a beginning of history as is furnished by Shakespeare's plays and Scott's novels, we should have done more to imbue them with a real interest in the past of mankind than if we had taken them through a course of Hume and Smollett, or Hallam on the English Constitution, or even the dazzling Macaulay.

A taste for poetry is not given to everybody, but anybody who does not enjoy poetry, who is not refreshed, exhilarated, stirred by it, leads but a mutilated existence. I would advise that in looking for poets—of course, after Shakespeare—you should follow the rule of allowing preferences, but no exclusion. I have heard people talk of the claim of poets as of a contested election; but one poet will appeal to a man's mind where another will not. Here I will say something which may perhaps bring upon me a storm of criticism from some of my friends. If I were asked upon what poet should a reader begin I would say Byron. He was not the greatest of poets, but he had daring, energy, and the historic sense, with a loathing for cant in all its forms. At the beginning of last century he was the great central inspiring force of democracy on the Continent of Europe; and when democracy extends its reading, and applies itself for inspiration to poetry, apart from the facts, needs, and demands of the day, then Byron, I think, will once more have his day.

Knowledge is worth little until you have made it so perfectly your own as to be capable of reproducing it in precise and definite form. Goethe said that in the end we only retain of our studies, after all, what we practically employ of them. And it is at least well that in our serious studies we should have the possibility of practically turning them to a definite destination clearly before our eyes. Nobody can be sure that he has got clear ideas on a subject unless he has

tried to put them down on a piece of paper in independent words of his own.

Various mechanical contrivances and aids to successful study are not to be despised by those who would extract the most from books. Many people think of knowledge as of money: they would like knowledge, but cannot face the perseverance and self-denial that go to the acquisition of it. The wise student will do most of his reading with a pen or pencil in his hand. He will not shrink from the useful toil of making abstracts and summaries of what he is reading. Sir William Hamilton was a strong advocate for underscoring books of study.

Intelligent underlining [he said] gave a kind of abstract of an important work, and by the use of different colored inks to mark a difference of contents, and discriminate the doctrinal from the historical or illustrative elements of an argument or exposition, the abstract became an analysis very serviceable for ready reference.

This assumes, as Hamilton said, that the book to be operated on is your own, and, perhaps, is rather too elaborate a counsel of perfection for most of us. Again, some great men—Gibbon was one, and Daniel Webster was another, and the great Lord Strafford was a third—always before reading a book made a short, rough analysis of the questions which they expected to be answered in it, the additions to be made to their knowledge, and whither it would take them.

After glancing my eye [says Gibbon] over the design and order of a new book, I suspended the perusal until I had finished the task of self-examination; till I had revolved in a solitary walk all that I knew or believed or had thought on the subject of the whole work or of some particular chapter: I was then qualified to discern how much the author added to my original stock; and if I was sometimes satisfied by the agreement, I was sometimes armed by the opposition, of our ideas.

I have sometimes tried that way of steadying and guiding attention; and I commend it to you.

Such practices keep us from reading with the eye only, gliding vaguely over the page; and they help us to place our new acquisitions in relation with what

we knew before. It is almost always worth while to recall a thing twice over, to make sure that nothing has been missed or dropped on the way, or wrongly conceived or interpreted. And if the subject be serious, it is often well to let an interval elapse. Ideas, relations, statements of fact, are not to be taken by storm. We have to steep them in the mind, in the hope of thus extracting their inmost essence and significance. If one lets an interval pass, and then returns, it is surprising how clear and ripe that has become, which, when we left it, seemed crude, obscure, full of perplexity.

I need not tell you that you will find that most books worth reading once are worth reading twice, and—what is most important of all—the masterpieces of literature are worth reading a thousand times. It is a great mistake to think that because you have read a masterpiece once or twice, or ten times, therefore you have done with it. Because it is a masterpiece, you ought to live with it, and make it part of your daily life.

Another practice is that of keeping a commonplace book, and transcribing into it what is striking and interesting and suggestive. And if you keep it wisely, as Locke has taught us, you will put every entry under a head, division, or subdivision.* This is an excellent practice for concentrating your thought on the passage, and making you alive to its real point and significance. Here, however, the high authority of Gibbon is against us. He refuses "strenuously to recommend."

The action of the pen [he says] will, doubtless, imprint an idea on the mind as well as on the paper; but I much question whether the benefits of this laborious method are adequate to the waste of time; and I must agree with Dr. Johnson that "what is twice read is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed."

All this takes trouble, no doubt; but, then, it will not do to deal with

* "If I would put anything in my commonplace book, I find out a head to which I may refer it. Each head ought to be some important and essential word to the matter in hand" (Locke's "Works," iii., 308, ed. 1801). This is for indexing purposes, but it is worth while to go farther, and make a title for the passage extracted, indicating its pith and purport.

ideas that we find in books or elsewhere as a certain bird does with its eggs—leave them in the sand for the sun to hatch and chance to rear. People who follow this plan possess nothing better than ideas half hatched, and convictions reared by accident. They are like a man who should pace up and down the world in the delusion that he is clad in sumptuous robes of purple and velvet, when in truth he is only half covered by the rags and tatters of other people's cast-off clothes.

Apart from such mechanical devices as these I have mentioned, there are habits and customary attitudes of mind which a conscientious reader will practise if he desires to get out of a book still greater benefits than the writer of it may have designed or thought of. For example, he should never be content with mere aggressive and negatory criticism of the page before him. The page may be open to such criticism, and in that case it is natural to indulge in it; but the reader will often find an unexpected profit by asking himself: What does this error teach me? How comes that fallacy to be here? How came the writer to fall into this defect of taste? To ask such questions gives a reader a far healthier tone of mind in the long run, more seriousness, more depth, more moderation of judgment, more insight into other men's ways of thinking as well as into his own, than any amount of impatient condemnation and hasty denial, even when both condemnation and denial may be in their place.

Again, let us not be too ready to detect an inconsistency in our author, but rather let us teach ourselves to distinguish between inconsistency and having two sides to an opinion. "Before I admit that two and two are four," some one said, "I must first know to what use you are going to put the proposition." That is to say, even the plainest proposition needs to be stated with a view to the drift of the discussion in hand, or with a view to some special part of the discussion. When the turn of some other part of the matter comes, it will be convenient, and often necessary, to bring out into

full light another side of your opinion, not contradictory, but complementary; and the great distinction of a candid disputant, or of a reader of good faith, is his willingness to take pains to see the points of reconciliation among different aspects and different expressions of what is substantially the same judgment.

Let me pass to another topic. We are often asked whether it is best to study subjects or authors or books. Well, I think that is like most of the stock questions with which the perverse ingenuity of mankind torments itself. There is no universal and exclusive answer. My own answer is a very plain one. It is sometimes best to study books, sometimes authors, and sometimes subjects; but at all times it is best to study authors, subjects, and books in connection with one another. Whether you make your first approach from interest in an author or in a book, the fruit will be only half gathered if you leave off without new ideas and clearer lights both on the man and the matter. One of the noblest masterpieces in the literature of civil and political wisdom is to be found in Burke's three performances on the American war—his speech on Taxation in 1774, on Conciliation in 1775, and his letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol in 1777. I can only repeat what I have been saying in print and out of it for a good many years, and what I believe more firmly as observation is enlarged by time and occasion, that these three pieces are the most perfect manual in all literature for the study of great affairs, whether for the purpose of knowledge or action.

They are an example, [as I have said before now], an example without fault of all the qualities which the critic, whether a theorist or an actor, of great political situations should strive by night and by day to possess. If their subject were as remote as the quarrel between the Corinthians and Corcyra, or the war between Rome and the Allies, instead of a conflict to which the world owes the opportunity of one of the most important of political experiments, we should still have everything to learn from the author's treatment: the vigorous grasp of masses of compressed detail, the wide illumination from great principles of human experience, the

strong and masculine feeling for the two great political ends of Justice and Freedom, the large and generous interpretation of expediency, the morality, the vision, the noble temper.

No student worthy of the name will lay aside these pieces, so admirable in their literary expression, so important for history, so rich in the lessons of civil wisdom, until he has found out something from other sources as to the circumstances from which such writings arose, and as to the man whose resplendent genius inspired them. There are great personalities, like Burke, who march through history with voices like a clarion trumpet, and something like the glitter of swords in their hands. They are as interesting as their work. Contact with them warms and kindles the mind. You will not be content, after reading one of these pieces, without knowing the character and personality of the man who conceived it, and until you have spent an hour or two—and an hour or two will go a long way with Burke still fresh in your mind—over other compositions in political literature, over Bacon's civil pieces, or Machiavelli's "Prince," and others in the same order of thought.

From this point of view let me remind you that books are not the products of accident and caprice. As Goethe said, if you would understand an author, you must understand his age. The same thing is just as true of a book. If you would fully comprehend it, you must know the age. There is an order; there are causes and relations between great compositions and the societies in which they have emerged. Just as the naturalist strives to understand and to explain the distribution of plants and animals over the surface of the globe, to connect their presence or their absence with the great geological, climatic, and oceanic changes, so the student of literature, if he be wise, undertakes an ordered and connected survey of ideas, of tastes, of sentiments, of imagination, of humor, of invention, as they affect and as they are affected by the ever-changing experiences of human nature and the manifold variations that time and cir-

cumstances are incessantly working in human society.

We are constantly asked whether desultory reading is among things lawful and permitted. May we browse at large in a library, as Johnson said, or is it forbidden to open a book without a definite aim and fixed expectations? I am for a compromise. If a man has once got his general point of view, if he has striven with success to place himself at the centre, what follows is of less consequence. If he has got in his head a good map of the country, he may ramble at large with impunity. If he has once well and truly laid the foundations of a methodical, systematic habit of mind, what he reads will find its way to its proper place. If his intellect is in good order, he will find in every quarter something to assimilate and something that will nourish.

Literature does not end with knowledge of forms, with inventories of books and authors, with finding the key of rhythm, with the varying measure of the stanza, or the changes from the involved and sonorous periods of the seventeenth century down to the *staccato* of the nineteenth, or all the rest of the technicalities of scholarship. Do not think I condemn these. They are all good things to know, but they are not ends in themselves. The intelligent man, says Plato, will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and he will less value the others. Literature is one of the instruments, and one of the most powerful instruments, for forming character, for giving us men and women armed with reason, braced by knowledge, clothed with steadfastness and courage, and inspired by that public spirit and public virtue of which it has been well said that they are the brightest ornaments of the mind of man. Bacon is right, as he generally is, when he bids us read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and to consider. Yes; let us read to weigh and to consider. In the times before us that promise or threaten

deep political, economical, and social controversy, what we need to do is to induce our people to weigh and consider. We want them to cultivate energy without impatience, activity without restlessness, inflexibility without ill-humor. I am not going to preach any artificial stoicism. I am not going to preach any indifference to

money, or to the pleasures of social intercourse, or to the esteem and good will of neighbors, or to any other of the consolations and necessities of life. But, after all, the thing that matters most, both for happiness and for duty, is that we should strive habitually to live with wise thoughts and right feeling.

Oriental Definitions

Yogi

By MARGUERITE MERINGTON

A Yogi

Is a sort of holy fog

That does not wash or shave:

His ways are rather logy

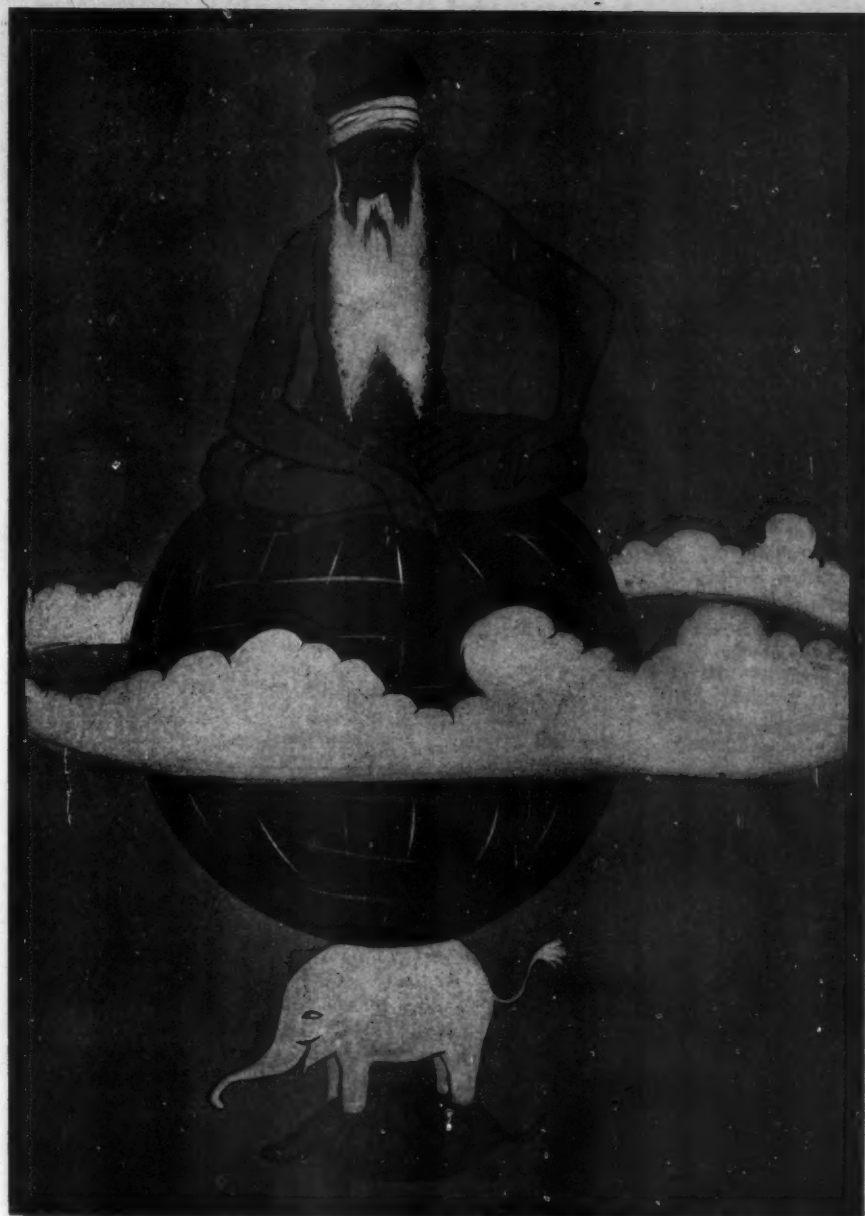
From living in a cave.

He dines off water, dates,

Cheese-parings, plaintain-rind,

Then sits and demonstrates

The Universal Mind!



yogi

A Concord Note-Book

SIXTH PAPER

The Women of Concord—I.

By F. B. SANBORN

IN this part of my notes and recollections mention will be made of Mrs. Dr. Ripley, the grandmother of Emerson, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Samuel Ripley; of Miss Mary Emerson, the aunt, and Mrs. Lidian Emerson, the wife, of Waldo Emerson; of Mrs. Asa Dunbar, the grandmother of Thoreau, his mother, Mrs. Cynthia Thoreau, and his sister Sophia; of Mrs. Mary Wilder White and her friends, intimate at Dr. Ripley's Old Manse; of Mrs. Samuel Hoar, mother of the Senator, and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Hoar; of Mrs. Bronson Alcott and her daughters Louisa and May; and of Margaret Fuller, the friend of most of these Concord families, although she never lived in Concord. Of these ladies, fourteen in all, I knew all but four,—the two grandmothers, Mrs. White, and Miss Fuller,—and of those I heard so much that I seem to have known them, although all four died before I ever set foot in Concord,—which, for the first time, was in April, 1851, while I was studying for Harvard College at Exeter, N. H. They represent three generations of active life in the little town which the genius of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Alcott has made so famous; they were all distinguished in their several ways, and half a dozen of them have been the subject of biographies, longer or shorter. Most of them lie buried in the village cemeteries of Concord, though but few of them were born there.

Madam Ripley (whose first husband was Emerson's grandfather, and who was Phebe Bliss, the daughter of Phebe Walker and Rev. Daniel Bliss, who preceded Rev. William Emerson in the Concord pulpit) was one of a family whose members were divided by the Revolution,—her brother, Daniel Bliss,

having taken the English side in that contest, and another brother, Theodore Bliss, having been an officer in the Revolutionary army. She was born in what was then the Parsonage of the town (now the oldest house in the village), in 1741; the Old Manse was built for her in 1769, after she married her father's successor in the parish; at Rev. William Emerson's death, in 1776, she continued to occupy the New Manse; and there, in 1780, she married Rev. Ezra Ripley, her husband's successor; there, too, she died in 1825. Her second husband was ten years younger than herself; by both husbands she had eight children, of whom three were sons, and two of these were clergymen.

She therefore may be said to have belonged to the clergy herself—as, indeed, was sometimes claimed by her daughter, Mary Moody Emerson, who was born in the New Manse, now the Old one, in 1774, and lived to be almost ninety. Madam Ripley was a stately and cultivated lady, who saw much affliction in the separations and bereavements of her family. Her brother was exiled and his Concord property confiscated for his Toryism; her youngest son, named for his uncle, Daniel Bliss Ripley, who graduated at Harvard in 1805, and began law-practice in Boston, was involved in a duel, and left New England, never to return. He lived for some years at St. Stephens, in Alabama, and corresponded with his family at Concord. Her daughter, Sarah Ripley, often mentioned in the correspondence of her friend, Mrs. White, seems to have been wooed by Henry Wilder, who died young in the West Indies; Sarah remained unwedded, and did not long outlive her mother and brother. What I believe is the first mention of the

Old Manse in literature occurs in a letter from Mrs. Van Schalkwyck (Mary Wilder), of the year 1803, apparently, in which she said:

"I passed last Thursday night at the Parsonage. Sarah Ripley and I remained in the west parlor two hours after the family had retired for repose. The night was remarkably fine, the air clear, and the heavens serene. The river had overflowed its banks, and presented a little sea to our view; its clear surface reflected every surrounding object softened by moonlight. You recollect the peculiar beauty of that prospect, especially when the river is swollen by rains. After contemplating it some time with still rapture, mine eye settled on the Balm-of-Gilead opposite the window. Perhaps you do not remember that tree; 't is not remarkable for its beauty or majesty, nevertheless it is to me one of the most interesting of inanimate objects; for under it I passed an hour the last evening I spent in Concord with my brother. Henry, Sarah, and myself, after strolling on the banks of the river, returned, and standing beneath the branches of the tree, Henry carved our names on its trunk. 'Before they are obliterated,' said he, 'we shall meet and renew them.' May you, my friend, never have the agony of believing that a being, dear beyond expression, was sacrificed for you."

This meeting of the three was in the summer of 1801, after Mary Wilder's first marriage, at the age of twenty, to a handsome and wealthy French planter of Guadeloupe, who died there, soon after her brother, in the winter of 1801-2, leaving his young widow in the midst of insurrection and disease. She returned to Concord a year after leaving it, and lived at her mother's house, which had been the Parsonage of Rev. Daniel Bliss, until her second marriage, to Judge White of Salem, in 1807. In the interval of her absence, her friend Samuel Hoar, the father of the Senator, had graduated at Harvard, with his classmates, Frisbie and Rockwood, for whom he named two of his sons, and had gone to Virginia as a tutor of the sons of Colonel Tayloe

of Mt. Airy, near Richmond. Her stepfather, Dr. Isaac Hurd, was the chief physician of Concord, and, after her period of mourning was over, Mrs. Van Schalkwyck became the belle of the village. Judge Hoar, in his memoir of Dr. Hurd, says:

"Before her first marriage, and during her widowhood, she was the most distinguished of all the young ladies of Concord for beauty, grace, and sprightliness. The fascination of her manners and conversation made the hospitable mansion of Dr. Hurd a most attractive place to the young men of that day; and it has come down as a beautiful tradition to later times."

Among her friends and suitors were Frisbie and Rockwood, graduates of 1802, but she married White, a graduate of 1797, and lived with him at Newburyport till her death in 1811. But among her many female friends, none was more important than Mary Emerson, the elder half-sister of Sarah Ripley at the Manse. Their friendship began in 1803, and two years later this ardent and eccentric woman was described by Mary Wilder as the best sick-nurse in the world,—a character in which her later friends could hardly recognize her. She wrote:

"There are few offices so delicate and so difficult to discharge as that of *garde-malade*. Mary Emerson possesses just the firm decision, the patient vigilance, the animating faith, and the enlivening vivacity of mind and manner that fit her for it. I would describe the influence of religion on the mind, the temper, and the life of this uncommon woman,—but I despair of doing justice to it. . . . My dear Mary writes too much like other great people to be always legible; and she will not be surprised when I acknowledge I have not enjoyed the whole of her valuable manuscript."

It was not till after Mrs. White's death that Mary Emerson, then living in Boston, and taking some care of her young nephews, orphaned by their father's death, made the acquaintance and secured the devotion of Miss Sarah Bradford, who afterward became the wife of Rev. Samuel Ripley. This

was in 1809. Long afterward, in 1844, Mrs. Ripley said:

"Mary Emerson, a sister of my husband, heard of me when I was sixteen, as a person devoted to books and a sick mother; sought me out in my garret, without any introduction, and though received at first with sufficient coldness, did not give up until she had enchained me entirely in her magic circle. She was then but thirty-five, she is now seventy, and still retains all the oddities and enthusiasms of her youth. A person at war with society as to all its decorums, she eats and drinks what others do not, and when they do not; dresses in a white robe these October days, enters into conversation with everybody, and talks on every subject; is sharp as a razor in her satire, and sees you through and through in a moment. She has read all her life in the most miscellaneous way, and her appetite for metaphysics is insatiable. Alas for the victim in whose intellect she sees any promise! Descartes and his vortices, Leibnitz and his monads, Spinoza and his *Unica Substantia* will prove it to the core. Notwithstanding all this, her power over the minds of her young friends was once almost despotic."

When this acquaintance was formed, in 1809, Miss Bradford, at sixteen, was already versed in Latin, had read Homer in Greek, and was venturing on Italian and French. To one of her schoolmates, the daughter of Rev. Dr. Allyn, the witty minister of Duxbury, she thus described her new friend: "Miss Emerson is a pious and sensible woman between thirty and forty years of age,—a sister of our minister. She was so kind as to make the first advances by calling on me; and from her society I expect to derive the greatest advantages; she appears extremely interested in the religious improvement of the young." To Mary Emerson herself she used a more enthusiastic style, "With every rising dawn your idea is associated. The day no longer presents in prospect an unvaried tasteless round of domestic duties. Bright gleams of hope illumine the dull perspective." This enthusiasm was often

chilled by the harshness of her new friend's censure. I know of few mild answers more touching than this, after one of these occasions of censure:

"Dear Mary, the severity of your remarks drew a few tears, and shed a temporary gloom over meditation. But you will accuse me of pride again when I tell you an emotion succeeded somewhat like resignation for the loss of earthly friendship, at the recollection of being amenable alone to a higher tribunal,—though just and holy, yet infinitely merciful,—where an unguarded expression will not condemn. Have I led you to believe I consider myself faultless? I am daily conscious of much offence in thought, word, and deed; but I have not thought it necessary to pain or disgust you by the recital of defects I live only in the hope of amending. Dearest friend, remember that language of reproof much less harsh would find its way to the heart and conscience of your affectionate Sarah."

When I came to know both these remarkable women (Mrs. Ripley intimately), as I did in 1855, Mary Emerson was eighty-one and her friend Sarah was sixty-two; but they had retained unchanged their earlier characteristics. The younger, white-haired but still blooming in complexion, and youthful in all her sentiments, bore her weight of learning—far beyond that of Margaret Fuller, or any other of her sex in New England—with the modesty of a school-girl; while her ripened judgments, formed in the companionship of what was most thoughtful, advanced, and excellent in a very wide circle of friends, were those of experienced age. The elder woman had passed into some of the deformities of age, and did not quite merit that vivid description of her which her adopted niece, Miss Hoar, gave many years after: "She was a little, fair, blue-eyed woman, her face never wrinkled, and with a delicate pink color when past eighty (she was eighty-nine when she left this world),—a blue flash in her eyes like the gleam of steel,—yellow hair, which, however, was cut close, and covered up with a black band and a mob-cap." I should

add to this that the band was apt to be awry, the expression of her features seldom genial, even when she took you into favor (as she did Thoreau, actively, and myself with more reserve), and what Miss Hoar calls "the eccentricities and necessities of old age" displeased at the first impression. But all this could not efface, nor much disguise, the singular activity of her unique mind, the vivacity of her conversation, or, when she chose to write well, the admirable vigor and point of her epistolary style. Her nephew Emerson, at whose house I first saw her, told me more than once that, in her prime, she was "the best writer in Massachusetts,"—the Massachusetts, be it remembered, of Channing and Everett, of Bryant, Dana, and the *North American Review*. He added in his written sketch of her, only published after his death: "Her wit was so fertile, and only used to strike, that she never used it for display, any more than a wasp would parade his sting."

Nothing could be more descriptive of this side of her genius. Combined with what Emerson called his "fatal gift of perception," which was equally bestowed upon this aunt, and was an Emerson trait, handed down for generations, she was anything but an agreeable companion and housemate to those she did not affect. In a parable her nephew declares this, while asserting, as he well could, the high, erratic wisdom of her counsels:

"It is frivolous to ask, 'And was she ever a Christian in practice?' Cassandra uttered to a frivolous, skeptical time, the arcana of the gods; but it is easy to believe that Cassandra, domesticated in a lady's house, would have proved a troublesome boarder. Is it the less desirable to have the lofty abstractions, because the abstractionist is nervous and irritable?"

Acting on this disguised wisdom, with that prudence in secular matters which so distinguished him, Emerson, though he loved and venerated this aunt, and sometimes had her for a visitor, did usually, while I knew her, give her a fine room in the old ante-Revolutionary farmhouse, now the

Antiquarian Museum, fifty rods from his own hospitable door,—to which, also, he often retreated for writing when the press of society became too great, and to which he sent the heroic John Brown of Osawatimie in 1857, when entertaining him at his table, for conversation. It was in this room that the celebrated conversation occurred with Mrs. Thoreau, of which Emerson makes mention, and which I heard reported at the time by Sophia Thoreau, in her mother's smiling presence. The regard Mary Emerson then (1856-57) had for the genius and the paradoxes of Henry Thoreau—so like and so unlike her own—was so marked, and was so reciprocated, that Mrs. Thoreau, who had known Miss Emerson all her Concord days, and sometimes had this Cassandra for a boarder, thought it proper to call on the lady in her farmhouse parlor. At that time Mrs. Thoreau, who was hard upon sixty, had newly set up a cap with long yellow ribbons, which were matched by still longer bonnet-ribbons. Donning this headgear, and accompanied by Sophia, less showily attired, she walked to the Deacon Brown house, then managed by Mrs. Julia Clark, and was shown into the ground-floor room where Mary Emerson sat at her book of philosophy or religion. As they entered and saluted, Miss Emerson rose to her full height of four feet three inches, responded to the salutation, but closed her eyes. The call lasted the proper ten minutes, and Henry Thoreau was largely the theme. As his womankind rose to go, Miss E. also rose, and said: "Mrs. Thoreau, you may have noticed that while we were speaking of your admirable son I kept my eyes shut."—"Yes, Madam, I have noticed it."—"It was because I did not wish to look upon those ribbons of yours, so unsuitable at your time of life and to a person of your serious character." She then bade them farewell.

It was in this room that I called on her, and received from her a philosophical book then in vogue, by Morell, which she had read with pleasure, and had insisted that Thoreau should read

and give her his opinion of it. She expected the same thing of me. Meeting her at Mrs. Emerson's tea-table soon after, where I was accompanied by my sister Sarah (to whom, some years after, I was indebted for a fortunate rescue from the hands of kidnappers), I asked how long I might keep her book. At the same time she criticised to my sister, and quite justly, if rather severely, the manners of a retired *sous-lieutenant* of Louis Philippe's army, who gave lessons in French and fencing to myself and some of my pupils. In course of the next day, I received from her this note, dated only "Friday noon," but probably late in 1856, which I retain as a sample of her handwriting at the age of eighty-two:

"SIR,—Keep the book as long as is requisite for your full acquaintance. My love to your sister, and tell her I regret sadly the imprudence I was guilty of, thro' a strange stupidity, in speaking of the French Instructor, respecting his manners. I know not the *least harm of his practice*. I beg her to forget what I complained of in his manners; it was a foolish gossip, for which I am willing to make full confession. And can trust her honor to conceal it.

"With good wishes I am yours,

"M. M. E.

"*Mr. Sandburn.*"

I was present in December, 1858, at a conversation of Bronson Alcott's in Mrs. Emerson's parlor (Emerson himself being absent, I think, on one of his lecturing tours, but represented in his own house, as he often was, by Thoreau), when Mary Emerson distinguished herself. Henry James, father of the novelist, two of whose sons were pupils of mine, was present. Not understanding the law of an Alcottian conversation, he began and continued to show his own wit by perplexing the subject with some of his questions and witty paradoxes,—much as if, at a parlor-wedding, some lively damsel should thrust herself into the place of the blushing bride. Alcott

fell into polite silence, and Thoreau, while contesting some of James's assumptions, could not check the flow of the semi-Hibernian rhetoric,—in which, as Thoreau said afterwards, James uttered "*quasi* philanthropic doctrines in a metaphysic dress, but for all practical purposes very crude,—charging society with all the crime committed, and praising the criminal for committing it." Miss Emerson heard this with rising wrath; but when, finally, James spoke repeatedly and scornfully of the Moral Law, her patience gave way. Rising from her chair at the west side of the room, and turning her oddly-garnished head toward the south side, where the offender smilingly sat, she clasped her little wrinkled hands and raised them toward the black band over her left temple (a habit she had when deeply moved), and began her answer to these doctrines of Satan, as she thought them. She expressed her amazement that any man should denounce the Moral Law,—the only tie of society, except religion, to which, she saw, the speaker made no claim. She referred him to his Bible and to Dr. Adam Clarke (one of her great authorities from childhood), and she denounced him personally in the most racy terms. She did not cross the room and shake him, as some author, not an eye-witness, has fancied,—but she retained her position, sat down quietly when she had finished, and was complimented by the smiling James, who then perhaps for the first time had felt the force of her untaught rhetoric.

Reading her letters in 1864, the year following her death, Emerson said in his journal (as he afterward said to me): "Aunt Mary is a genius always new, subtle, frolicsome, unpredictable. All your learning, Platonistic, Calvinistic, English, or Chinese, would never enable you to anticipate one thought or expression; she is embarrassed by no Moses or Paul or Shakespeare, after whose type she is to fashion her speech. Her wit is the wild horse of the desert." "Ah," she said, "what a poet Byron would have been, if he had been born and bred a Calvinist!"—as she had been. The first Mrs. Emerson, Ellen

Tucker, was a favorite of hers, and she was appreciated by her in turn. In the spring of 1829, soon after Emerson was installed in his Boston pulpit, Miss Tucker went South for the benefit of her delicate health, and on the way she seems to have been joined by Aunt Mary, then probably boarding with Rev. Dr. Howard at Springfield. In her journal, after mentioning Hartford, Miss Tucker wrote:

We must leave [there] one who seems
Like a vision in our dreams;
She will dwell upon our mind,
Flesh and blood so well refined,
That one questions whether death,
Wasted form, or loss of breath
Will be in her path to Heaven,—
All her body seems to glow
With her spirit's action so.

I quote this from Dr. Emerson's notes (in the Centenary edition) to his father's Essay on Mary Emerson. Of the same year, 1829, but later in the season, was this letter of Waldo Emerson to his aunt, which was found by me long ago in the mass of family papers at the Old Manse, after I had ceased to live or visit there much, since the death of Mrs. Ripley and the dispersion of her household:

"BOSTON, Friday, July 31, 1829."

"MY DEAR AUNT:

"Pray tell me in letter whether yet you are in Concord, and how long you will stay, that I may peradventure snatch a day and come up. I read, with something more of profit than you might approve, the almanacs. [These were her diaries.] Before you charged me not to transcribe, I had copied off thus much, which I send. William [an elder brother] comes on August 15. You must surely stay, that you may have seen the whole generation.

"Ellen [Tucker] writes me every other day. She says she mends, but decides that I shall not come to see her till her mother comes and returns. And her mother stays, having been sick. I threaten to rebel and go, maugre the nurses.

"I am striving hard to-day to establish the sovereignty and self-existent

excellence of the Moral Law, in popular argument, and slay the Utility swine,—and so must run.

"Yours affectionately,

"R. W. E."

In other words, the young minister in Boston was writing his next Sunday's sermon, which was to maintain the sovereignty of Ethics, and scatter the forces of the Utilitarians, at the time very boisterous in England, and perhaps in Boston, which then always sneezed when England caught cold. When Alcott first heard him in Boston, the year before, the subject was the Universality of the Notion of Deity, such general topics being much in Emerson's line as preacher. Miss Tucker was still at the South, and it was then that Emerson addressed to her those fanciful lines, beginning,

The green grass is bowing,
The morning wind is in it;
'T is a tune worth thy knowing,
Though it change every minute:
'T is a tune of the spring,
Every year plays it over;
To the robin on the wing,
And to the pausing lover.

The wedding came in September, 1829, and in a little more than two years after, Ellen was dead. Emerson gave up his pulpit, went abroad for nearly a year, and there made the acquaintance and secured the lifelong friendship of Carlyle. His aunt rather frowned on this intimacy, and much distrusted Transcendentalism. In October, 1835, when she had been listening to Alcott's exposition of his new system of education, based largely on the early guidance of children into a knowledge of their own minds, she said it needed, to understand it, "a more composed head than mine, which was less composed than usual." She asked Alcott to make it plainer to her. "While the form dazzled,—while the speaker inspired confidence,—the foundation of the — the superstructure, gilded and golden, was in depths of, —I will tell you plainly what, when I am furnished more with terms as well as principles. No marvel that Age is

at a loss to express itself about a system, theory, or whatever, which is proposed for Infancy." Yet she took great pride in her Transcendentalist nephew, even while repudiating his principles.

Mary Emerson was not thought at first to look with much favor on Miss Jackson of Plymouth, who in 1835 became the second Mrs. Emerson. Soon after the marriage she said to her, with the acid sweetness that she sometimes affected. "You know, Dear, that we think you are among us, but not of us." In truth, Mrs. Emerson held a position in religion midway between the gloomy but fading Calvinism of Mary Emerson, and the intuitive, ideal Theism of her nephew. She valued ancient forms, while she welcomed the newer and broader light beginning to shine through them. She was a stately, devoted, independent person, with something the air, when I knew her (the last forty years of her long life), of a lady abbess, relieved of the care of her cloister, and given up to her garden, her reforms, and her unceasing hospitalities. She had that regard for social observances which Mary Emerson scorned or forgot,—but she could free her mind in dissent or reproof with an energy that equalled Aunt Mary's, though without leaving a barb in the wound inflicted. Bronson Alcott, whom she knew well, and did not always spare in her infrequent censures,—for, like all generous natures, she preferred to praise or be silent rather than to blame in public,—drew her picture in this point very well, among those portraying Sonnets in which so many of his friends appear "vively limned," as old Marston says. After complimenting her for noble companionship, and native piety,

Embosomed in the soul that smiles on Fate,
Fountain of youth, still sparkling o'er the brim,—

Alcott goes on:

Then I recall thy salient quick wit,
Its arrowy quiver and its supple bow,—
Huntress of wrong! right well thy arrows hit,
Though from the wound thou seest the red drops
flow:

I much admire that dexterous archery,
And pray that sinners may thy target be.

With many months and even years of invalidism, Mrs. Emerson, who was born in Plymouth a few months before her illustrious husband in Boston, outlived him by ten years, and saw her ninetieth birthday before she died, in November, 1892. She was a woman of excellent New England culture, and much practical good sense, for which she did not always get full credit; of high aims and outflowing goodness of heart, showing itself in mercy towards all animate things; and of a certain susceptibility on the side of the supernatural, which might be misunderstood by those who knew her but casually. She made no claims for herself, though strenuous for the causes she espoused; but she went on her own intellectual and spiritual way, but slightly affected by the views of those about her, even of such as she loved,—and she hated no one. The tribute paid her by Thoreau, after living long under her friendly roof, was sincere and deserved. He said: "I thank you for your influence for two years. I was fortunate to be subjected to it, and am now to remember it. It is the noblest gift we can make; what signify all others that can be bestowed? You have helped to keep my life 'on loft,' as Chaucer says of Griselda,—and in a better sense. You always seemed to look down at me as from some elevation,—some of your high humilities,—and I was the better for having to look up." Along with this unassuming loftiness there went the considerate and the playful qualities; and I have often been her partner at whist, which I dare say her poet-philosopher never was.

The Venality of Talleyrand

By JOSEPH McCABE

WHEN, a few years ago, it was gravely claimed in a serious American magazine that Prince Talleyrand was born and bred in Maine, and the son of an American fisher-girl, a few readers may have suspected at length the appallingly mythical character of many of the stories about him. His mother, a daughter of the Marquis d'Antigny, was not only a very well-known figure amongst the nobility of Paris, both before and after the Revolution, but was receiving a pension of sixty thousand francs a year from Talleyrand for some time before her death. His father was one of the most reputable and distinguished nobles of the court of Louis XVI.; his uncle one of the most venerable among the clergy of the Emigration and the Restoration. Not even Chateaubriand, the most venomous of his royalist enemies, ever breathed a suspicion about his title to the historic name of Périgord. Yet an American writer of repute has feverishly implored history to "purge itself" of Talleyrand's claim to high and purely French parentage by means of the idle chatter of a group of Maine fishermen of a hundred years ago.

The truth is that no distinguished actor in modern history has been so recklessly mythified as the great diplomatist. The biography of Talleyrand has generally been constructed on peculiar lines, and historians and literary men have fallen headlong into the snare. Professor Sloane, for instance, tells us that Talleyrand was, in his early clerical days, "a friend of the infamous Mme. du Barry, and owed his promotion to her." He has a facile justification in the fact that almost every biographer of Talleyrand, including Lady Blennerhasset, gives without reserve the story of his encounter with that lady. He is made to reply, when Mme. du Barry rallies him on his pensiveness, that "il est plus aisé d'avoir des femmes que des abbayes à Paris"; and Louis XV. is said to have rewarded

him at once with a Rheims *abbaye*. But the date of this conferment, as any inquirer could find in the *Gazette*, is September, 1775, or sixteen months after the death of Louis XV. and the disappearance of Mme. du Barry. The locality of the *abbaye* points obviously to the influence of Talleyrand's uncle, who was coadjutor to the Archbishop of Rheims. The story is a clear fabrication, and the acquaintance with Mme. du Barry wildly improbable.

With such lack of discrimination has the conventional picture of Talleyrand been pieced together. His whole career has been thickly overlaid with myths. This is largely due to the number and inventiveness of his enemies. Not only the groups of politicians that he left behind him when he passed from the old *régime* to the Revolution, from the Directorate to Napoleon, from the Empire to the Restoration, and from the Bourbons to the Orleanists, but rival diplomatists, embittered clerics, discarded subordinates, and others, have contributed to the mosaic. It is partly due, also, to the tradition of mystification which he somehow left behind him. In England and America this was not unnatural. When he visited London in 1792 and America in 1794, he was preceded by a reputation. One of the gayest figures of pre-revolutionary days, and hot from the crater of the volcano, he was expected to dance and gesticulate and emit electric phrases. Our grandfathers were not a little surprised when they were introduced to a pale, sedate, stolid-looking man, who returned their courtesies very briefly, and then fell into an almost impenetrable silence. It was known that he thawed somewhat in Fox's drawing-room, or in the little parlor of Moreau-St. Mery's book-shop at Philadelphia, but his general composure, his puffy rounded face and full figure, and his deep, deliberate, sententious speech disconcerted people. A myth of duality grew up about him, and it became

the custom to accept without question all that was said of this quiet, grave, impassive man with the reputation for wit and license.

Whatever later research has done in the way of illumining the general character of Talleyrand, it is usually believed that the tradition of his singular venality has been established. This was one of the features that the general historian, and especially the Napoleonist, felt justified in regarding as beyond question. "Never was greed more dishonest than his," says Professor Sloane. Now, the judicious biographer would, if he felt compelled to use the word "greed" at all, rather put that there was never greed more honest than his. It is true that the historian might fall back on Sainte-Beuve. "*La vénalité est la plaie de Talleyrand*," says Sainte-Beuve, "*une plaie hideuse, un chancre rongeur et qui envahit le fond*." But he would discover on careful inquiry that Sainte-Beuve professed to have a "terrible doubt" about Talleyrand's complicity in the death of Mirabeau (one of the most frivolous charges ever raised) and other matters of the same weight. In this case Sainte-Beuve had positive documents to produce, a rare opportunity. These papers are the letters that the American Government published in 1797, and that constitute the chief ground of the accusation of venality. "They show," says Professor Sloane, that the French foreign minister attempted to "extort a bribe" from the American agents. I do not know how one extorts "bribes"—in England the language is opposed to it whether the law is or no—but will briefly examine the American documents.

The facts are that Adams sent three envoys to Paris in 1797 to adjust differences with the French Government. They were refused an audience, but were visited by three men, who were undoubtedly Talleyrand's agents, and who told them that the doors of the Foreign Ministry would be opened if they would pay \$250,000 "for the Directors" and induce their country to lend France \$6,000,000 on certain bad Dutch securities. After some nego-

tiation on this basis the American President recalled his envoys and published their despatches. Even these plain facts are sometimes twisted in the usual way. The recent Cambridge (England) history of the French Revolution puts it that the agents demanded \$250,000 for Talleyrand and the \$6,000,000 for the Directors!

Let us keep to the documents. As is well known, Talleyrand was at that time despotically controlled by Barras, the strongest and most corrupt of the five Directors. It is certain the bulk of the "bribe" would go to Barras; probable that he fixed the sum. However, I do not stress that. Talleyrand would certainly share the money. The more important and constantly overlooked circumstance is that the Americans were quite willing to pay the \$250,000, and neither then nor afterwards expressed any resentment of it. This is made perfectly plain in their report. They wrote home that it was "according to diplomatic usage," and said they "might not so much regard a little money, such as he stated to be useful." They say, again, that it was "completely understood on all sides to be required for the officers of Government, and therefore needing no further explanation." There is not a whisper of moral indignation so far. It was the larger sum, of which Talleyrand would not have touched a cent, that roused America. This was regarded as a real extortion, a "tribute" to France, and was met with even warlike preparations.

It is needless here to discuss Talleyrand's (supposing that the blunder was his and not Barras's) unwisdom in trying to make this audacious bargain for his country. It is enough to note that the whole of the resentment was directed against a proposal which meant no profit to himself. Later writers have confounded the two, as some did in France at the time. But so little serious notice was taken of the matter at Paris that when Talleyrand resigned (on quite other grounds) in the following year, and wrote the only apologia of his life, he dismissed this subject in two lines. Professor Sloane thinks he

was forced to resign "in consequence of his scandalous attempt to extort a bribe from the American envoys." He might have quoted Napoleon as his authority—his only authority—but he probably recollected that the ex-emperor's charges against people at St. Helena are not weighty. The resignation came long after the affair, and had no connection with it. Half the rhetoric expended on it would have been arrested by a patient reading of the official American version.

This affair is almost the only one in which we have authentic evidence of an attempt to extort money on the part of Talleyrand. It does not exhibit his character in an attractive light, but we may keep some sense of proportion, and not speak of "hideous sores" and "devouring cancers." Apart from the peculiar circumstances in which Talleyrand then was, he saw money offered and accepted on all sides. He had seen Mirabeau and Danton in the pay of the Court. He was to see Sieyès, who was so admirably indignant with him, take 400,000 francs from Napoleon on the 18th Brumaire. He was himself to pay out money to foreign ministers under the empire, and see Joseph Bonaparte bring bags of diamonds from Portugal. He had seen Pitt willing to give a secret commission of 10,500,000 francs during the Lille negotiations, but express moral indignation when a much larger sum was asked. Malmesbury had tried on his own account to buy the note of one of the Directors. Commissions were then common and were commonly exaggerated. Talleyrand was exceptional mainly in his opportunities; and in the fact that, as Baron von Gogern indulgently says, "he preferred to be paid in coin rather than with the usual presents and brilliants." And we must remember that it is quite unknown how far he was acting under the instructions of Barras. There is no other case in which he is known to have exacted beforehand, or stipulated for, a sum of money for a service to be done. In such an exceptional case we have a right to suspect the action of Barras.

The second serious authority that

Sainte-Beuve appeals to is Count von Senfft. The Saxon envoy at Paris was a friend and admirer of Talleyrand, so that his testimony is impartial. But here again Talleyrand's critics snap up the first word of accusation too eagerly. Senfft says that his Government gave Talleyrand a million francs in 1807 (at the same time giving half a million to a minor French official), and there is no need to doubt this. He also says, however, that Talleyrand made a good deal out of the Rhine Confederation, and used Baron von Gogern "in his financial relations with the German princes." Here we have another instance of the mere retailing of gossip. We turn to Von Gogern ("Mein Antheil an der Politik"), and we find him solemnly assuring us that, though he believes Talleyrand did make a lot of money somehow, "not a single bargain, or condition, or offer was made, either directly or indirectly, in regard to the Nassau and the many other princes that he admitted into the Rhine Confederation." Such are the foundations of this charge of phenomenally "dishonest greed."

For, after the American letters and the statements of Senfft, Sainte-Beuve has nothing but *on-dits* to offer in justification of his violent language. To quote Chateaubriand is hardly more scholarly than to quote the exiled Napoleon. When a friend gave Talleyrand a long account of the plot of *Les Martyrs*, ending with the remark that the heroes were eventually cast *aux bêtes*, Talleyrand promptly ejaculated: *Comme l'ouvrage*. Chateaubriand smarted under many such quips, besides his bitter resentment of Talleyrand's political versatility. He is hardly likely to have been scrupulous in reproducing the rumors that were current in Royalist circles. Sainte-Beuve tells us that Talleyrand himself estimated at sixty millions the sum he had made in commissions during his diplomatic career. He does not tell us when and where the admission was made. It may have been in one of the spurious letters with which discharged secretaries entertained an unexact public. Finally, when Sainte-Beuve

adduces Governor Morris as an authority he is trifling with us. Morris merely mentions the persistent rumor of Talleyrand's heavy gambling to dismiss it as "greatly exaggerated, if not false."

The case does not grow much stronger when we go from Sainte-Beuve to Bastide, another favorite of the critics. Bastide's work (one of the earliest biographies of Talleyrand) is an amusingly reckless tissue of gallant adventures and dark crimes. When he comes to deal with Talleyrand's venality, he quotes especially from a pseudonymous document of 1799, which ends with the charge that Talleyrand has by his immorality "outraged the morals of Republican France." Those who are acquainted with the morals of Paris under the Directorate will appreciate the indignation. From this judicious source Bastide gathers a number of definite charges of corruption. He has said that Talleyrand made thirty millions during the Directorate, but his specific charges only amount in all to fourteen millions and a half. And the list is too absurd for words. It includes \$1,500,000 made by speculation on the Bourse during the Lille negotiations, and \$2,000,000 as a share in the spoiling of neutral vessels by French pirates. The latter item may have grown out of the fact that during the American War of Independence, Talleyrand had, like most other Frenchmen with money, fitted out a privateer to raid British ships; but it does not appear that he made any profit. The list further includes amongst its chief items \$1,000,000 received from Austria for securing the secret articles in the Treaty of Campo Formio (with which Talleyrand had absolutely nothing to do) and \$1,000,000 for betraying these to Prussia. There may be some truth in a few of Bastide's smaller items, but from so tainted a source no responsible biographer would attempt to derive information.

A third and much more respectable biographer is Michaud, the most imposing of Talleyrand's critics. Like Sainte-Beuve, Michaud makes no at-

tempt to conceal his intense dislike of the diplomatist, and is betrayed over and over again into the admission of stories that we now know to be anachronistic or otherwise disproved. Lady Blennerhassett has shown the incredibility of his statement (on no authority whatever) that Talleyrand concealed from Spain the fact of Napoleon having reduced its subsidy, and pocketed the difference (12,000,000 francs) for two years. In fact, Michaud contradicts himself, saying later on that the fact was only concealed for a few months. The whole story is grossly improbable, and entirely without support from the Spanish side. It is, as usual, a blank *on-dit*. Michaud also quotes one of Napoleon's angry allusions to Talleyrand at St. Helena, in which the Minister is said to have received \$400,000 from the merchants of Genoa. The whole passage is a string of untruths and distortions. It opens with a denunciation of Talleyrand's marriage as "a triumph of immorality." The marriage had only been performed under compulsion from Napoleon himself. Talleyrand was theologian enough to know that the fact of the Pope secularizing him did not make free to marry. Moreover, Napoleon must have known well that Mme. Grand was not a wife, but a *divorcee*. Any evidence has been thought good enough to hang Talleyrand on. Michaud's other stories do not prove that Talleyrand received a cent.

Thus we find ourselves floating amongst a mass of contradictory and elusive rumors the moment we attempt to analyze the evidence for Talleyrand's "corruption." Specific charges take Protean shapes and slip away from us. One writer affirms dogmatically that Talleyrand made \$3,000,000 out of the treaty with Portugal; the eager Bastide reduces the sum to \$1,200,000; and Michaud is merely sure that Talleyrand made something out of that transaction. Senfft refers us to Gogern for an account of the sums he made out of the Rhine Confederation; Gogern denies that any money passed between Talleyrand and himself, but knows that

the diplomatist made money somewhere. Professor Sloane opines that Talleyrand was in the pay of Napoleon from the first; Lady Blennerhassett finds that, when Napoleon sailed for Egypt, Talleyrand gave him 100,000 francs. The contradictions are enormous.

Are we to suppose, then, that there was little or no ground for the charge of venality? By no means. The private fortune of Talleyrand would be unintelligible unless we assume that he received large sums of money in addition to his official salary. He returned from America in 1796 almost penniless. He held office under the impoverished Directorate for one year, was again idle for a year, and resumed the foreign ministry under Napoleon at the end of 1799. He told the Prussian ambassador that he intended to make money. He had a large establishment to keep up, and was habitually generous with money. One remembers the story of his curling a young lady's hair at the foreign office with thousand-franc notes. He was foreign minister under Napoleon for seven years only, yet contrived to entertain on the most splendid scale at his hotel and at Neuilly. It is true that he spent or gave away all he got. The loss of a million francs in 1812 forced him to sell his hotel and its furniture. He sent money to emigrant clergy (who had violently denounced him), provided generously for friends and relatives, gave his mother a yearly pension of 60,000 francs. However, on the whole, we must agree with Lytton that his expenditure was far beyond his ordinary income. In the treaties and negotiations with which he followed up the victories of Napoleon he probably received generous *cadeaux*. Consider his extraordinary opportunities! After Marengo he had to negotiate treaties with Austria, England, Prussia, Turkey, Bavaria, and Tunis, and give constitutions to Lucca, Genoa, Piedmont, Switzerland, and Elba. After Austerlitz he had an even larger mass of negotiations; his hotel was besieged with the representatives of fifteen sovereigns, and even the ambassadors

of Prussia and Austria were noticed playing with his adopted daughter and her lap-dog. At Vienna he was the acknowledged champion of the smaller states against the larger ones that were ready to devour them.

There can be no doubt that he received money, a vast amount of money in all, from the states that profited by his diplomatic arrangements. But let us be just to him. He was never known to sell the interest of France or any humane cause. "He could never be induced," says Senfft, "even from the most powerful motives of interest, to favor plans that he regarded as prejudicial to the peace of Europe." At one time the Poles put four million florins in the hands of his friend, Baron Dalberg. Talleyrand refused to further their cause on the ground that it endangered the peace of Europe, and returned the money. Senfft also points out that his opposition to Napoleon's schemes at the height of his power is a proof of something very different from what we usually call venality. "The opinion he pronounced on the Spanish business, bringing a fresh disgrace upon him, will give him a glorious place in history for ever." Baron von Gogern says: "He sought first the honor and glory of France and after that the peace of the earth." As to his commissions the baron caustically observes that "die Magnaten eines Eroberers werden wahrscheinlich immer so denken." He tells, too, how at Warsaw Talleyrand once privately saved a German house from the vengeance of Napoleon, and refused to take a franc for his action. After the Hundred Days he gave away 459,000 francs, and passports to all who asked, so that Napoleonists might get away. Napoleon had rewarded him with the principality of Benevento. Here was an opportunity for a corrupt and greedy man. But it is clear from Demaria's "Benevento sotto il Principe Talleyrand" that his rule was one prolonged and unselfish effort at reform through a wisely chosen representative.

Talleyrand did not know what devotion to a personality, or a cause embodied in a personality, was. The

scandalous neglect of him by his family in early years on account of his lameness, their forcing him into the ecclesiastical sphere against which he had a natural repugnance, and his experience of the eighteenth-century Church from within, had brought about an atrophy of that faculty. Let us remember, too, that the personalities he was accused of deserting were Louis XVI., Barras, Napoleon, and Charles X. It is amply proved to-day that he was a sincere and enlightened liberal statesman a sincere patriot, and a sincere humanitarian. He deserted Napoleon deliberately in the hour of triumph on humanitarian and patriotic grounds. It is true that

he sought to make money out of his position as minister of his country, in a degree that betrays some cynicism. It is equally certain that he was never bought, or bribed, or corrupted to betray the just interest of his country or wantonly to sacrifice the peace of any nation. He took in each case the diplomatic course that it was his duty to take; and *then* he claimed or received money from any state or individual that benefited by his course. He was not a great man. But he was something very different from the caricature that is still apt to disfigure the pages of historians.

Journalism the Destroyer of Literature

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

THE interest we feel in wealth, as wealth merely, seems to have been increasing of late years; in every part of civilized life it is more or less manifest. Immense fortunes are still something of a novelty, and are managed awkwardly; and in various ways they create social unrest. The dollar is an unhuman thing, unindividual, unspiritual; it bestows power upon whomsoever has it, without regard to his personal virtues or frailties, gifts or vices; it gives ability to do and get things, but not to enjoy them. It may bring you death or life, and yet nothing could be more material. If we covet it overmuch, we incur a loss which no amount of dollars can liquidate.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, speaking through the mouth of his "Autocrat," utters playfully a philosophic truth when he says that the House of Man is built in several stories, each of which, in different moods and seasons, the man occupies. There is the material story, or plane of existence, the intellectual, the spiritual. Each has its indispensable function; but if we dwell exclusively in the lower, the higher become closed against us; the right order, which alone keeps all open and active, is to live from the higher

through the lower; the reverse way proves impracticable. These several planes are not continuous, like greater or less, but are distinct, like cause and effect,—the mental impulse, for example, which causes a capitalist to corner a stock, sends a bullet through the brain of a man ruined thereby. Evidently, so far as society seeks wealth above other things, it shuts itself up in the lower planes, and shuts out the higher, or spiritual.

Wherever society abides, it uses a mode of speech proper to its state; and the mode of speech of the material plane is the newspaper. The characteristic utterance of the spiritual plane, on the other hand, is literature. But, owing to our unspirituality, literature for the time being languishes. Journalism, the lower voice, attempts to counterfeit the tones of the higher, but the result is counterfeit. So long as journalism attends to its own (material) business, it is not only harmless, but useful; but as soon as it would usurp what is organically above it, it becomes hurtful; not only because it does not give us what it pretends to give, but because the plausibility of that pretence may lead us to accept it as genuine, and thus atrophy the faculties whereby

literature, the true voice of the spiritual, is apprehended. Let us more closely examine this predicament in which we find ourselves.

The newspaper is splendidly officered, sagaciously managed, admirably done. It properly aims to tell the daily story of the material side of life. Never had it more influence than now; but this influence is no longer due—as in the old times of the London *Times*, and of Horace Greeley, and others—to editorial comment upon or interpretation of news, but to the news-columns themselves. The effect upon readers of this chronicle of our material condition and activities is insensible, or sub-conscious; but it leaves its trace on every aspect of civilized existence. And reciprocally, the reading community affects the tone of the thing it reads; we would not have such newspapers were we not such a public, any more than we could be such a public did we not have such newspapers. We are devoted to industry, commerce, trade, finance, and their corollaries; our government betrays a tendency to become one of the people, by and for capitalists. Our practical measure of a man is the degree of his material success; and it is accordingly the tale of success and failure, and of the conditions thereto appertaining, that the newspaper mainly imparts. Its spell is in the thing told, not in the manner of its telling, which—save for the perfunctory accentuations of political partisanship and the dribblings of sentimentality—are presented as naked facts, and nothing more. For the newspaper, as a business enterprise, must avoid antagonisms with its vast and mixed audience; impassioned newspapers, however virtuous, being short-lived and of restricted circulation. The news—adorned with what photographs and head-lines you will—but the news free from dogmatism, bias, and the personal equation, is what the reader wants; and so arranged that he may readily pick out what happens chiefly to concern him, and skip the rest.

Now all this, useful in its own degree as it is, obviously involves no

appeal to the spiritual affiliations of man,—carries no message to his soul. Yet so general and profuse is the distribution of the newspaper that a large part of the public reads nothing else, or what else it does read is (as we shall presently see) infected with the newspaper principle. The persistent reflection of the lower side of life, which the newspaper's mirror shows, gradually induces the reader to accept it as the whole of life,—prone as at best we are to ignore our higher selves,—with the result that heart and soul are atrophied, as aforesaid, and we are landed in a blank materialism.

But is not the newspaper an educational force?—does it not broaden a man, remove his prejudice, and abate his provincialism?—is it not a sort of university of general knowledge? If we catechize a graduate of this university, the result is not reassuring. The area of his available information is, indeed, unrestricted; but he is also free to select from it only what he fancies, and these are items which tend to inflame, rather than to dissipate, his provincialism and prejudices. Finding, too, so many things apparently incompatible offered for his belief, he ends by drifting into scepticism; while his sympathies are bankrupted by the very multitude of the appeals to them. Thus he acquires an indifference which is rather that of impotence than of philosophy; for the indifference of the philosopher is due either to faith in a state of being purer than the earthly, or else to a noble superiority to destiny; whereas the mind of the newspaper graduate has simply lost virility. Instead of mastery of marshalled truths, he exhibits a dim agglomeration of half-remembered or mis-remembered facts; and because the things he cares to read in his newspaper are few compared with those he skips, he has lost the faculty of fixing his full attention upon anything. His moral stamina has been assailed by the endless procession of crimes and criminals that deploys before him, often in attractive guise; and as for ideals, he may choose between those of the stock exchange, and of State legislatures.

Our Harvards and Yales may have their shortcomings, but they need not fear the rivalry of Newspaper-Row.

Yet we may admit that the chief danger of the newspaper to the public mind is its technical excellence. Its stories of a day are not only well printed and illustrated, but they are well written,—terse, clear, strong, and to the point; and not only have men grounded in journalism written good books, but in two recent instances at least a journalist has risen to the highest rank in literature. On the other hand, men of established literary standing contribute special articles to newspapers; and war correspondents have won a niche in the temple of fame, nor is it any fault of theirs that Manchuria has not brightened their renown. But if, by such means, waifs of literature be occasionally dragged neck-and-heels into a place where they do not belong, so much the worse for literature, and for the community thereby led to accept this abnormal miscegenation for a legitimate marriage.

Consider for a moment that literature is writing which is as readable and valuable to-day as it was a hundred or a thousand years ago,—a longevity which it owes to a quality just the opposite of that essential to journalism; that is, it lives not by reason of what it says, so much as of the manner of the saying. It is nature and life passed through a human mind and tinged with his mood and personality. It is warmed by his emotion and modified by his limitations. The emotion, while catholic and sympathetic, is also always individual; no one else ever felt or could feel precisely as this writer feels, though no reader but recognizes the feeling. Personal, likewise, are the limitations, due to the make and circumstance of his intellect and to the nature of the report to him of his senses. Any given work of literature is therefore unique, and, implicitly, sincere. It is a product not simple, but complex; not crudely put forth, but digested, assimilated, made part of the writer, given his stamp, signature, history, and heredity; not till then does it appear on his page. Like nature and

man, consequently, literature has an inward beneath the outward—a spirit within the letter; when you have read the words for the first time and seized their obvious meaning, you have not exhausted their message, or received the best part of it. Returning to it after an interval, you discover something that had at first escaped you; as your mood or degree of insight varies, so will fresh secrets disclose themselves. There are recesses within recesses, secret springs, something alive; and withal there is unity—the wholeness and symmetry of art.

The highest literature is that of imagination, though much true literature is not strictly imaginative,—Aristotle and Huxley, though not on Homer's or Shakespeare's level, wrote literature. Imagination is of all gifts the most human and mysterious; being in touch with the infinite in finite man, it is creative. Fact is transfigured by it, and truth humanized; though it is not so much as based upon invention, fancy may be its forerunner. Like all creative impulses, it is suffused with emotion,—with passion even,—but under control; the soul is at the helm. Imagination moulds and launches a new world, but its laws are the same as those of the world we know; it presents scenes of enchantment earth cannot rival, but laid in truth and wrought in reason,—transcending, but not contradicting what we call reality. The writer of imagination questions not whether his writing be true,—he knows its truth with a certainty transcending argument, feels himself the very instrument of verity, marches with nature and revelation at once, rhymes with them, and is conscious of the weight, might, and lift of their forces. He is as sure of his subject as of his own being, and never more keenly than when his sensible toil and pain are greatest, does he know the creative delight which is of the soul only. But the endowment is rare; implying independence or privacy of mind, a self-confidence that for the moment fears no criticism, and rises into oblivion of outward things. Moreover, works of true imagination often show a beautiful

provincialism, as of one dwelling remote from the knowingness and commonness of current experience, who eschews the roaring market-place of multitudinous information, and withdraws to solitudes where appear to him the pure and vital sources only of life. These, after his own fashion, he pores over and uses, not conformably with vulgar sagacity, but under the light of his own wisdom. Thus we often find a wondrous simplicity and naïveté in the greatest imaginative work,—a sort of village flavor; which brings home to us humilatingly but salutarily the tinkle and tinsel of our super-serviceable civilization.

Not all of these qualities are always present even in good literature, but the personal and the emotional always are, abiding even in the noble edifice of Bacon's "Essays," and in the quiet seriousness of Darwin's walk. On the other hand, though intelligence constantly shines on its path, not even the highest specific achievement of intellect can of itself be literature, since the greater the purity of intellect, the less is it individual, and its finest attainments are, as time passes, discounted or modified. Literature has its playgrounds, too, where it disports itself lightsofely as a child, but a child whose eyes sparkle with divinity that may at any moment bring to our own tears as well as laughter. Or it may seem preoccupied with sober descriptions of people and things; but in the midst of them we find ourselves subtly drawn toward magic casements, wherefrom, beyond boundaries of mortal vision, we behold the lights and shadows, the music and the mystery of fairy-land.

In all this, what is there congenial with bright, hard, impersonal, business-like, matter-of-fact journalism? Of course, it is physically possible to print in a newspaper (on the page which nobody looks at till after all the rest of them have been sampled) Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," or a reprint, by kind permission of the publishers, of, let us say, Kipling's "They." It is physically possible thereupon to open our mouths and affirm, "The newspaper is

a 'literary medium,' as well as a news-purveyor; and what more do we need?" Yes, we may go through the motions of harnessing Pegasus to a market-garden cart, and call the result a team; but Pegasus will not stay harnessed; out sweep those mighty pinions of his, and yonder he plunges into that fleecy cloud, aloft in the blue. He does not belong on the market-garden plane, and was not really there even when we were fastening the traces. Keats's Nightingale cannot be made to sing cheek by jowl with a soap advertisement, in the gas-light glare of Miss Makeup's Advice to the Love-lorn. Violently to bring these things together is not to unite them, though it *is* profanation; and the fate of the profaner is to lose his power of ever seeing the sunlit summits of the Delectable Mountains at all. In his spiritually blind state, it is given him to enjoy as supernal truths the artfully painted frescoes on the walls and ceiling of his St. Regis palm-room. They are hand-painted, and they cost money.

No; what lives in literature, dies in journalism,—the individual touch, the deeps of feeling, the second sight. But if not in newspapers, can we not find in magazines and weeklies the benediction of true literature? This brings me back to what I was saying just now about reading-matter which, though not journalism, has been infected by it.

The original magazine was what its name implies—a place for the storing of treasure—in this case, of a literary sort. Such were the English *Gentleman's*, *Chambers's*, *Bentley's*, and our own *Graham's*, *Putnam's*, and *Harper's*. The editing of these periodicals consisted merely in collecting and binding together a number of papers, stories and essays, of such goodness or badness as might be obtainable, and with no pretence of sorting them or harmonizing them into anything like a coherent organism. They were innocent of illustrations and of advertisements; there was not much money in them, or paid out by them; even Dickens's magazines would have been considered niggardly nowadays. But they did afford a mouthpiece for real

writers, and not a few real literary treasures have first seen the light in their pages. But the modern conception of magazine editing began, perhaps, with the *Atlantic*, and rose to what it is to-day. It is a conception of a complex sort.

The editor has to keep before his mind the following things,—his readers, his illustrators, his writers, his advertisers. The first make the mare go; the second co-operate with the first, and are really the occasion of them; the third give the first encouragement in their good work, and appease the indifference which the second may feel toward the efforts of the fourth, who bring up the rear as handsomely as they may. There is nothing artificial in this situation; if the magazine was to exist, thus must the elements arrange themselves. The humor of the thing is that the writers, who actually come last in consideration, are theoretically first, and illustrators, readers, advertisers, editor, and magazine altogether, dance attendance upon them. Certainly, without their contributions the magazine could not exist except as the avowed picture-book, which, practically, it now is. The editor and the readers, again, are obviously created by the prior existence of reading-matter; while the advertiser advertises because the sale of the reading-matter (with illustrations) enables him, by its circulation, to reach buyers. It may also be true that many persons buy magazines mainly for the pleasure and profit which they derive from the advertisements; but that is a side-issue. And the fact remains, that an article which can serve as a pretext for illustrations has a better chance of being seen by the world than one which cannot; in other words, literature, *quâ* literature, is not, from the point of view of the business-office, and, implicitly, of the editor, the feature of the periodical most vital to its success. And if it be objected that this cannot be the case in magazines which are not illustrated, we are brought to another of the complications which modern editing involves.

The editor, with respect to his liter-

ary material, must consider two things; the first being whether any given contribution is up to the literary standard (whatever it may be) of the particular magazine for which he is responsible. This standard is, of course, fixed by the taste of the class of readers which the magazine is supposed to address; the article must not be either above or below their heads, or alien from their sympathies, or offensive to their moral or other prejudices,—and there are other considerations too obvious to mention. But, having made the best guess he can on these points, the editor cannot wholly ignore his individual preferences; or even should he succeed in so doing in some special instance, yet in the long run his personal equation will betray its influence.

But this is not the only or the chief element in the case; for, in the second place, the editor must determine whether the article, being otherwise satisfactory, will harmonize with the other contents of the issue of the magazine in which it is to appear. His assumption is—and has to be—that the magazine will be read through by its purchaser from the first page to the last; and his artistic instinct, as an editor, demands that there shall be in its pages such a compromise between variety and unity as shall produce upon the reader's mind an effect at once stimulating and satisfying. This is necessarily a matter in which no technical merit in a volunteer contribution can have weight. Suppose the contribution to be a signal work of genius, and therefore intrinsically most desirable,—its very brilliance will make the rest of the magazine look like blank pages, and the editor must consequently reject it. And the better—the more conscientious—the editor is, the more will he feel bound to turn back what is good, because it happens not to be the kind or the degree of good that matches with the rest of his product. In the interest of the artistic proportions of the magazine, he shuts his door against the artistic excellence of the writer. Of course this difficulty may be avoided if the editor have ordered from the writer the kind of

article he wants; and this is often done; but there remains the drawback that an ordered article is apt not to turn out to be literature. Every other merit may be preserved; but the literary touch—that, somehow, has vanished. The Muse would not come to terms.

Even in an un-illustrated magazine, therefore, literature cannot count upon a welcome. No doubt there comes now and then a genius, favored both by nature and by destiny, who overrides all rules, and introduces a new era; but we must regard the average lot. And there is still another stumbling-block in literature's path, which brings us round once more to the influence upon literature of the newspaper.

The newspaper is the characteristic voice of the age; and the age cannot have two characteristic voices. And the success of the newspaper, its enterprise, its dashing invasion of fields beyond its legitimate sphere, have compelled the magazines, each in a greater or less degree, so to modify their contents as to meet this novel rivalry. They try to handle "timely" subjects, to treat topics of the day, to discuss burning questions. Such things are impossible to the literary spirit; but writers are not lacking, and their work is often masterly—on its own plane, which is that of the newspaper. Important uses are served; but they are not literary uses. Fiction does not escape the infection; the class of stories which is upon the whole most acceptable in magazines has to do with current domestic and social problems, and with the dramas and intrigues of business. The interest is sustained, the detail is vividly realistic, the characters are such as you meet everywhere, the whole handling is alert, smart, telling, up-to-date;—but where are the personal touch, the atmosphere, the deep beneath deep of feeling, the second sight, the light that never was, on sea or land, the consecration, and the poet's dream? What has literature to do with these clever stories? You may read the entire contents of a magazine, and all the articles seem to have been the work of the same hand, with slight variations of mood; and next week,

how many of them all remain distinct in your memory? The market-garden cart has come to market, drawn by neat and serviceable nags; but Pegasus is aloft yonder above the clouds, where he belongs. Everybody can write nowadays; but the literary geniuses are as rare as ever, and never before had such difficulty in getting a hearing. The newspaper spirit has banished them, and has closed above us the gates of the spiritual plane.

The reason we are not producing literature is that we are preoccupied with other matters, and do not want it. But whether or not we want it, we need it profoundly; and the inevitable swing of the pendulum will bring it back in due season. There are already symptoms, if one will give heed to them, of discontent with the dollar as the arbiter of human life, of weariness of wars of traders, both on the floor of 'change, where the dead are suicides, and on the field of battle, where Japanese and Russian peasants kill one another in behalf of rival pawnbrokers. There is a longing to re-establish humanity among human beings, both in their private and their public relations; to turn from the illusion of frescoed and electric-lighted palm-rooms, and to open our eyes again to the Delectable Mountains, with their sun and moon and stars. The premonitions of such a change are perceptible; and, along with them, a timid putting forth, here and there, like early spring buds upon the bare boughs of winter, of essays, sometimes in fiction, sometimes otherwise, which possess quite a fresh aroma of the spiritual genius. Some of them arrive from over seas, some are of native culture. They are at the polar extreme from the newspaper fashion, and for that reason the more significant. They have a strange, gentle power, which many feel without understanding it, and love they know not why. These may be the harbingers of a new and pure literature, free and unprecedented, emancipated both from the traditions of the past and from the imprisonment of the present. Man cannot help himself, but is succored from above.

Women and the Unpleasant Novel

By GERALDINE BONNER
Author of "The Pioneer," etc.

A SHORT time ago a writer in the literary department of a London paper made the bold assertion that "the most unpleasant books were written by women and their readers were principally among women."

It was an accusation that possessed enough of truthfulness to give it sting. The vitriolic quality bit sufficiently deep to call out a retort here and there, denials from one of the accused or an anonymous partisan, and assent from those who, though they thought the matter written by lady novelists was often of a hectic and unconventional nature, had evidently carefully perused it. They recalled to mind Dr. Johnson's reply to the lady who said she was so sorry to see he had put all the wicked and improper words in his dictionary—"And I am sorry to see, Madam, that you have been looking for them."

This is not the first time such a charge has been brought against the Lady Novelist. It is an old story. She has been the object of this particular reproach since she first took to writing. And one cannot deny that for such a tender and delicate being, whose influence upon the coarser male of the species leads him upward and onward, she has a curious predilection for subjects which are morbid, unpleasant, or of a sultry, equatorial warmth. George Sand, in her long series of novels of hysterical sentiment and lawless passion, was not merely giving expression to her own untrammelled temperament,—she was acting the pioneer in that particular field of emotional exposition where the woman's talent seems to run,—she was blazing the trail.

When Byron wrote about love being an episode with a man while it was "woman's whole existence," he was probably making his deductions from his own personal observations. To love Byron was doubtless an engrossing experience, and even if the *grande*

passion were not to last to the confines of eternity, its victim said that it was and evidently believed she was telling the truth. What Byron probably did not think of was that his aphorism was equally applicable to women in other departments than simply as an adorer of himself or some other beloved male object.

Love, in some form or other, is beyond doubt "woman's whole existence." It may be as the adoration for one especial, segregated being, or it may be for several of them advancing into her life and passing through it in detached Indian file. It may be as a mother, the absorbing, life-filling love of offspring that goes on through progressive stages of evolution strengthening as it advances. It may be as a sister, as a child to a parent, as a friend. But except in rare cases, it is present in some form, an influencing, directing, obsessing preoccupation. The self-sufficing woman is a rarity, a deviation from accepted standards, what in botany is called "a sport." The normal female finds the fulfilment of her being in the cultivation of and relinquishment to some absorbing affection. Nature created her for it, and if Fate has diverted her from it she will try to make up for the loss in futile, pathetic ways—take to pet dogs, or adopt orphans.

Naturally the woman writer's talent turns to the exploitation of this dominant characteristic, follows the line of least resistance. She is not only drawn to the regions of sentiment and passion by observation and experience, but by an instinctive sympathy with, an intuitional knowledge of, the complications that arise there. It is her sphere, the place where she feels herself at home among comprehended, familiar things. She has a subtle, understanding insight into the romances, hidden or expressed, of the feminine life—the peaceful, legitimate ones of home, husband, and children, the wild, storm-shaken ones

of those who are a law unto themselves.

She is indifferent to the great outside questions of the epoch. The commercial developments of recent years—looming into such huge predominance in the life of to-day—are matters of inferior moment. Women do not write convincingly or with authority of financial matters, of politics, of business. If they treat of such a momentous happening as a strike it is as it comes against or effects the indoor, feminine existence. A collapse on the stock market, which has its own romance, will not draw from them words of such eloquent sincerity as the refusal of the lover or the betrayal of the maid. A bank failure, unless its reaction upon some one can be shown in the intimacy of a domestic drama, will be a matter of far less flurried consequence than the birth of a baby. Politics—the game of kings—is in their eyes as nothing compared to the game of love. The Boss, with his tenebrous power, is a figure of no vital import compared to the lover who comes sparking in the dusk.

It is true that there have been strong, adventurous women who have tried to extend their spheres and intrude into the men's territory. They write about stocks and strikes and politics and they write cleverly, with an affectation of bluff, manly hardness, a sort of swagger, which gives one a mental vision of them with their hands in their breeches pockets and silk hats on the backs of their heads. But this assumption of masculine knowingness is only a clever *pastiche*. It does not sound genuine and is not conducive to the creation of interesting narrative. Has any woman ever written a good novel—that is, one that the reader peruses with unflagging attention—the pivot of which was a great political intrigue, or a great financial transaction? There is matter for romances in both these departments of modern life, but not sentimental romances, not the romances that arise from the bestowing of hearts and hands.

Even such strong, original spirits as George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë,

women who had a virile force of intellect and power of expression, weakened when they came to the "male" part of their books. The political side of "Janet's Repentance" is dull; one wants to skip; and so it is with "Middlemarch." In "Adam Bede" it is the story of Hetty and the tongue of Mrs. Poyser that charm us. In "Daniel Deronda" it is Gwendolen and her fate. It is to the feminine and passionate element in each novel that we give, not so much our admiration, as our interest, our avid eagerness of attention. So with Charlotte Brontë. The earlier part of "Shirley," where the difficulties with the mill hands and owners are so clearly set forth, has not that same gripping power which distinguishes everything that has to do with the heroine. It is Shirley, and particularly Shirley and her love affairs, that absorbs us. We read rapidly on to get to her, glance ahead to see when she is coming on the stage again, and bear with the quarrelling curates and the long-winded mill owners to hear something more of a young girl and the men who are her swains.

The domestic environment to which women are thus restricted for their material is an unfortunately circumscribed area. With indefatigable industry they have worked it in every direction; no field was ever more thoroughly cultivated. Every situation that can develop in the Home Circle and on the Domestic Hearth they have studied and treated. No complication rising from the course of true love has escaped their diligence. They have chronicled the life of the virtuous and well meaning, from the palace where worthy royalties reign to the hovel where peasants lead a poor but honest existence. In this *milieu* there are no secrets hidden from the Lady Novelist. She has plucked out the heart of its mystery and studied it under a magnifying glass.

The result is not only that respectable domestic life, as a background for fiction, has been worn threadbare, but its exploiters have lost all illusions as to its romantic and glamorous properties. They have revolted against it as

dull, *banale*, philistine. It represents to the English mind Clapham and Sunday tea, and to the American suburban flats, commutation tickets, and the servants' Sunday out. We all know that genius can transmute the dun web of every-day life into an airy, prism-shot fabric beautiful as the Lady of Shalott's web; but then a genius does not happen very often. Even among the Lady Novelist's they are rare. And to these artificers in sentiment, expositors of the inner life of the most highstrung of created beings, every-day existence with its well-stocked larder, its well-filled purse, its untempted virtue, its unpicturesquely sound digestion, and sane satisfaction with this best possible of worlds, is not the stuff of which dreams are made—the splendid, rainbow dreams to which the ardent imagination of the Lady Novelist seriously inclines.

It is outside the home corral, beyond the walls of the Queens Gardens, that the wide, mysterious world lies where things happen that are not always perfectly pleasing and proper. Here hearts are sometimes ill-regulated organs, courtship is not invariably carried on in parlors with a chaperon in the next room, and married ladies have been known to prefer other than their rightful lords. Here are the people who make romances, who "strut and fret their hour upon the stage" as players in a drama where the tension is high, the action sensational and spirited. Here there is "many a weed, and plenty of passions run to seed." Here is the *Pays du Tendre*, the Sea Coast of Bohemia, and all the other strange, beguiling places, inhabited by delightful, unconventional beings who are everything but humdrum, and whose lives, whatever else they may be, are never dull.

And it is here that the Lady Novelist seems to find her best material—or let us say the material that she finds best suited to her mental structure and her point of view. She is romantic and here there are romances. They are the sort of romances with which she is sympathetic; not those of modern business life. The heroine is

not the daughter of the heartless Monopolist, nor the hero the proud, young Socialist destined to conquer him. Montague and Capulet may lead roaring factions, but they are not the heads of rival political parties. The battles that take place are not the giant combats of Trust Magnates. It is a place where the woman's life is much more to the fore than it is anywhere else in the world, even in modern America. All that pertains to heroines—what makes them sad and what makes them happy—is set forward in a foreground which is somewhat out of focus. The rustle of their skirts is always in the air, and sometimes the scent of perfumery is almost too heavy and gives to the surroundings a suggestion of something unaired and artificial.

That the material the Lady Novelist finds here is often morbid, frequently unpleasant, and sometimes improper, is only too true. With her temperamental bias toward the feverishly intense and her endeavor to escape from the familiar flatness of the purely domestic, she goes to the other extreme and chooses subjects that frequently surprise and occasionally shock her readers. Men do not seem to understand the reason for this deviation and accuse the woman writer of a natural predilection for matter of the "Speckled Peaches" variety, and the woman reader of aiding and abetting her in her breach of good taste. What the man does not see is that the majority of such subjects have a vital bearing on the lives of women. The authoress chooses them as something of real tragic import, the reader devours them as bearing on questions that are of close and intimate reality. Such dramas of the female life as Sara Grand treated in "The Heavenly Twins" seem febrile and unhealthy to the man's less restricted and more open-air experience. But he does not grasp the deadly significance of such a situation to the woman, who, in close proximity, too helpless or too timid to escape, has every detail of its obnoxiousness forced upon her observation and ground into her consciousness.

These subjects have a deathless,

vital interest to women. They have burned scars into their lives for centuries. They have the force of old grievances, long-endured wrongs. That a woman should write and other women should read such a book as "Pigs in Clover" shows the extent of this interest and its capacity to dull all squeamishness and delicacy of taste when the subject deals with amatory, feminine complications. A book like "The Daughter of the Vine," the story of which is the downfall through drink of a woman, is the last note of morbid repulsiveness. Its author has selected one of the most unpleasant of themes and "written it up" with a grim, deliberate functionousness of detail. But women have read it, not for its attractiveness, but as a grewsome picture of a dreadful doom that has wrecked lives known to them and sometimes dear to them. In "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken" Mrs. Dudeney showed the vagaries of the maternal instinct, roused from apathy by the realization of a child's infirmity. To women the unpleasantness of this book is balanced by its insight into a situation of the profoundest importance. The relation of mother and child, written of with understanding and sympathy, redeems it of all taint of unwholesomeness. It is a world-old subject; the last word will never be said of it.

No one can deny that the readers of books of this kind are women; as the writers of them are women. But it must be remembered that they read them, not as men do for recreation and diversion, but seriously as matter which bears on their own immediate affairs. They read them somewhat as they read cook-books, and fashion papers, and magazines for mothers, with almost the reluctant respect that is given to educative literature.

They are not lightly or casually interested in them, but absorb them with gravity, giving a profound mental consideration to their morbid psychology, their close, unaired view of life. Not only the choice of feminine subjects, but the feminine point of view from which the subjects are treated, gives them the grasping charm of the known and familiar. Women have written them from their own experiences and observations. They have bubbled or dripped out of female hearts, and to female hearts their message goes. No wonder the man feels himself an embarrassed outsider when he intrudes into this symposium of feminism. These Eleusinian Mysteries are not for his profane and uncomprehending comments, his unenlightened and ignorant derision. He has no place there. Clodius at the festival of the Bona Dea was not more awkwardly *de trop*.



By the Hill of Dan

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

MARIE, I wonder if you recall,
Conning the past like a written scroll,
That day, the goldenest day of all,
And the long rest under the giant bole
Where the singing Banias waters roll?

Over the bough-tops the blue of noon—
A Syrian sapphire shot with gold—
Quivered and burned; and a lyric rune
Stirred in the leaves, and the bulbul told
Its pleading, passionate love-tale old.

On a curious web of Kermanshah
Our tempting mid-day feast was spread;—
Figs from the dale of Derdera,
The white rice cakes and the barley bread,
And the Lebanon vintage amber-red.

Then afterward, in the plane-tree shade,
How we sat and talked of the coming years,
While the carelessly tethered horses strayed
Afar through the thicket of bamboo spears,
And the dragoman stormed at the muleteers!

We have followed fate, and we meet no more,
And I know not whither your footsteps fall;
But when spring returns, and the swallows soar,
I often wonder if you recall
That day, the goldenest day of all.

What We Read to Children

By ADELE MARIE SHAW

Way out yonder
Is the land of Wonder-Wander.

THE days when Puritan babies died of too much religion and too few flannels are now so far in the remote that we reproduce them only for the tragedy of contrast, since, however the carper may be justified of his carping, it is safer to over-amuse the babies of to-day than to let them "perish in prayer and praise" from a world of discipline that tempts none of them to stay.

Not that creed or climate ever killed the art of story-telling. Many there be who hold that Mother Goose was a Bostonian, and in frozen Finland no less than under Porto Rican palms stories have been told to little children.

Now that these tales, old and new, have been gathered into books, they seem to overflow the world. Various printed and pictured they heap themselves upon department-store counters and stare from the book-shop windows for the confounding of well-meaning aunts and prowling uncles. They are "classic" and trashy, painful and pretty, good, bad, and commonplace, and the most remarkable of all are those intended to be read to the child before he can read to himself.

Even in days before their numbers were so great, what resources things read to us provided for reminiscence! Pictures stamped on linen pages of Father Tuck, colored prints whose gorgeousness crayons could not rival, have outlasted in memory greater works. Maturer classics have faded from mind before the tragic idyl where "In the barn a little mousie ran to and fro" till kitty "caught the little mousie, long time ago."

Perhaps the grown-up's first thrill of real poetry came from

Little white lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.

He had to stand on tiptoe to follow the lines with the book laid flat upon his mother's knee. Afterward, although it had no picture, he could find the place and "read" it himself, from the big letters at the top to the dab of small print that stopped it, a little way down the right-hand page. It sang itself in his head, always with the sound of his mother's voice.

If he be a certain kind of grown-up his first memories of Mother Goose return to him in songs sung by that same voice with "Bobby Shafto's Gone to Sea," "Billy Boy," "The Old Crow," "Cockoo-Cuckoo-oo," and "Hush, my child, lie still and slumber."

The love of rhyme and verse comes into being with the first breath and outlasts mumps and measles, cold days and wet. The companion demand to "Wead it," which is always "Sing it," persists unwearied through many seasons. The supply is beginning to meet that demand. Stevenson and Eugene Field have both been given melodies, and this is well, for if there were no notes ready for their words, then, in every enlightened household, airs not so good would have to be made to order. Lydia Avery Coonley's "Singing Verses for Children" makes a home richer, and Weedon's "Bandanna Ballads" are a charm for keeping the restless spirit laid when sleepy time brings no sleep.

Whether it be "Tell Aunt Rhoda" or a song more modern, some verse and some melody a child should have. The "April Baby's Book of Tunes" contains both, and a good story to boot. It combines with much seduction the song and the story, the old and the new, and it must be read or read and sung from cover to cover with great frequency. There should be a large and obliging family of adults wherever it appears. That the real April baby's comment on the tale is said to have been "What silly babies and what a silly mummy!" does not matter in the least.

In song or story the responsibility of the grown-up is not light. It is not necessary to go back to Cotton Mather and his idea of a children's book ("Some Examples of Children in whom the Fear of God was remarkably Budding before they died: in several parts of New England") to discover a deal of infant literature worth expurgating or forgetting. The worst of many of even the good stories is that one must forever adapt, omit, or change as one reads. Bad English one can amend. "'Will I bring it to Mama?' asked Georgie, picking up the *teeny* shell," or even "*Was you ever in the beautiful mountains?*" may occur in an otherwise "pretty story" and the skill of the reader is not greatly tested, but an evil moral is quite as frequent and not so easily amended. The Jack-the-Giant-Killer heroes who win by lying only, the dreary commonplace of much of Hans Andersen, will bear cutting or cheerful comment. Kipling's butterfly who wins by falsehood, the nine hundred and ninety-nine imprisoned wives denied even the diversion of scolding, the legendary precedent for the stoning of cats, require delicate handling.

But not the handling of a prig. A child must have legends, fairies, marvels. All the worse for him if he must take the husk with the corn, if he belong to a race of imbeciles who never "skip" but march straight from frontispiece to finis, "conscientious" and unenlightened.

Such people have neither wisdom nor humor. Without humor it is perhaps impossible to be wise. The true sense of humor comes late to most, never to many, though seldom in the history of man has there existed a person who suspected he had n't it. We all think we appreciate subtlety in humor, just as we all know we are "gentlemen." So humor exists in "traces" only within the didactic covers of the older stories, and it is found none too often in the newer ones. It is a happy baby that hears "The Wallowing Window Blind" as a lullaby. Vague comprehensions steal upon him early and fit him for an appreciation of Chip's dogs (which he takes to at an incredibly infantile

period) and for "Alice in Wonderland." The full bliss of Oliver Herford is not for babes. The rhyme of the ant,

Let Fido chase his tail all day,
Let kitty play at tag.
She has no time to throw away;
She has no tail to wag,

tickles the elect of childhood, but leaves the mighty average like Marjorie's bereaved fowl who "was more than usual cām."

But Alice assuages grief and kills indifference, makes the languid vigorous and inspires the lively. "Alice" is worn and grimy even unto the last and most elaborate edition, and whether the real and only Tenniel or the wonderful Peter Newell bodies her forth, to the whole world of children there is a kind of shining in the very name. No one but a fiend would keep them waiting for Alice and the White Kitten till they could read. Nothing more vigorously stimulates imagination, the faculty that alone shows us made in the image of the Creator. Nothing better encourages that sense of humor which is its twin. These things it is good for the Olympian to remember when his flesh rebels at the hundredth repetition of "Through the Looking-Glass."

A sense of humor can be cultivated. Any normal city child will smile at this:

When our boys and girls are cross, then what shall we do?
Where, when little heads they toss, shall we send them to?
We'll send them where the naughtiest, crossdest children are,
We'll send them off to Cross Town on a Cross Town car.

Arthur Macy, who wrote it, has the touch that calls humor into being where it never existed before.

If you polish your mind you'll certainly find
How little, how little you know,

may be beyond the normal child, but he is charmed into wigglesilence by "The Boston Cats."

To all children the charm of rhythm is to be matched only by the charm of

infinite detail. The maddening reiteration of "Arabella picked a daisy, Araminta picked a daisy, Arabella picked a daisy," through an endless page gives Janie and Jamie all the delight of a raid on the daisy field. That charm is what has insured the survival of the Franconia stories, the "Phonny Books" of three generations. It is a question whether or not they should be left to the child's own reading. (Even if they were, could anything bring to him the wilding flavor of that hour of discovery when, treasure trove among unmeaning rubbish of "Ministering Children," and "Advice to Parents," they came forth for us from a loosehinged garret chest!)

The new edition has wisely preserved the red cover and the enticing headings set between the title and the printed page:

The Alcove. The Curtains. Malleville Tries to Speak to Phonny.

Where in the world is a better fairy than the White Mountain nymph of Beechnut's "embellished" story! Games, picnics, the storm, the sick-room, are all endowed with curious and vivid reality. Physical comfort pervades every tale,—and children are all sybarites—always an easy-chair, a couch, apples roasting on the hearth. Woods and water, fires in the open air, Beechnut's "shop," where to this day we could find in the dark the ladder that led to the "loft" above, all are full of fascination.

To many a grown-up the word "country" means the land of "Phonny" who said "Hoh" and followed about after Beechnut. If you wandered in that land, if you set the white stone and the dark stones for the mosaic of Mary Bell's grotto; if you wrote letters to Agnes the fairy, or sang "Come and see me, Mary Ann," you will always be a little in the enchanted realm, though you may never again "go all the way." And if you can find two people who knew Ellen Linn and Mary Bell, Wallace and Mary Erskine, though an instant ago they were complete and willing strangers, they will fall to upon the discovery of that mu-

tual remembrance with gleaming eyes and loosened tongues, while the waves of dawn and of dewy remembrance flood their "illuminated being."

The Franconia stories are more interesting than were Rollo and the improving "Mr. George," because they contain less information and more life. "Information," unless it come as a spirit with wings, is dangerous. When it appears naturally, out of past or present, it finds, even among the "littlest," a greedy audience. They like to "know." Church's "Story of the Odyssey," "Royal Children of English History," "Ten Boys who Lived on the Road to Long Ago," and "Seven Little Sisters" give a kind of pleasure due partly to the sense of acquirement.

This acquirement is, of course, necessary; one must have facts. If one can have them, as in these books, made attractive and stimulating so much the better. But character is dependent upon imagination. Cruelty, selfishness, oftenest exist for lack of power to put one's self in the other man's place. Nothing in literature civilizes and teaches better than the right kind of nature and animal books.

To a literal-minded infant one might read "The Elephant's Child" in "Just So Stories." When his eyes begin to widen, try him with Chambers's "Outdoorland." The elephant legend leads naturally to the finer meaning of the Outdoorland story that takes away the artificial fears with which too many nurses, governesses, and even mothers surround the outside world. Reginald Birch's illustrations are real poetry and real country, and there is the best kind of information between the pictured covers.

Another book that spurs a drowsy mind is "Mother Nature's Children." No one, of course, is ever too young to love Lobo, Rag, and Vixen ("Wild Animals I Have Known"), no one too undeveloped to have a soft spot for Johnny Bear.

All these tales are good art and good English. Character is handicapped where it finds the English language a reluctant medium. Apart from any

question of morals or religion, it does not need a Ruskin to tell us that the child who is familiar with the English Bible and the best of the English hymns will be better equipped for self-expression than the child who has not responded at a plastic age to the antiphonal measure of the psalms nor heard the poetry of Isaiah. Complete comprehension is not necessary.

In days when "Aunt Louisa's Sunday Picture Book" was the rarest of diversions (its "rocks," very lofty, scrubbed a fine yellow; its "conies," very wee, dabbed a gay vermilion) one might have guessed, when children listened to grown-up reading, that they were driven by a dearth of literature of their own to books of their elders. But they find to-day the same attraction in what is not intended for their understanding. Poetry, prose poetry, the pageantry of words, catch and hold their vigorous attention. The normally book-loving girl or boy gets a pleasure beyond our conceding from what he does not comprehend, and with his pleasure is often mixed a shrewd inkling, clear as his clairvoyance for grown-up conversations.

Absorbed and contented, one four-year-old listened to "Hiawatha," and though as a man he had never opened the book again, knew more of it than the other grown-ups. Years ago a child stood, an interested audience, between her father's knees while he read

her the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice." That play has ever since had to her a peculiar reality. Not long ago two grave Olympians sat down to read "The Reign of Law" in a room where a very small person was striping the dictionary zebra in pink and purple. Through all the long rhapsody on the growing hemp he sat without painting a stroke, and for days to come teased for "more hemp."

Let them listen, when and where they will, even if what they hear make but a "sweet jargon" in their ears.

"I have read to Howard [nine years old] 'The Song of Life,'" said a wise mother. "It told him in the right way all the things that I was afraid he would learn from other children in wrong ways." And when she repeated his questions and her answers the friends to whom she spoke thought, "Fortunate child! the world will be a cleaner place to him all his life for his mother's courageous forethought." In conduct or in books it is not only the spoken word or the printed page, the song notes or the picture, but the medium through which these reach the child's life that make him what he is.

For those who feel too profoundly the danger of such power there is a hint of admirable import on the final page of Goops:

When you practise virtue
Do it with a laugh.

To the Lamp-Bearers

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

CURIOUS it is to note what images will strike the mind before impressions that themselves bear no reference to the thing suggested. Memory links these diverse ideas and sense connects them for us, so that joy or sorrow may lurk in a scent, darkness or light in a sound.

My *Calystegia pubescens* climbing in the arms of a large *Araucaria imbricata*, or monkey puzzle, always reminds me of De Quincey's attack on Goethe. There is the same display of energy, beauty, and futility in each case; for as well may the convolvulus seek to strangle this giant conifer from Chili in fleeting bonds and fret of flowers, as De Quincey, with magic of style and adornments of rhetoric, attempt to ridicule or discredit one so much mightier than himself. To watch him and know Goethe is to see a wave broken into liquid dust against the forehead of some ocean-facing cliff. There is a gleam of rainbows and the wave has vanished. Now happily has that biography so petty, so narrow, so unworthy of the great pen that wrote it, vanished from the pages of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and given place to a juster and saner appreciation. One reads De Quincey's biographies less and less as the years pass; but there is much of pure scholarship and poetry that is imperishable, and the style remains a miracle as of yore. It is subject for mourning that to this rare spirit the rational thinker should always be anathema: under a curse. Dogged and inveterate is his bitterness; for free thought his sharpest arrow was ever at the string; and yet constant service blunted it and robbed its point of the venom there. De Quincey had an unvarying argument against those who thought not as he thought and looked with larger tolerance upon the world of religious ideas. Such things were always mad. They must be mad to differ from those dogmas that De Quincey held. Lucretius, Goethe,

Shelley—all who stood outside his fold—suffered from actual insanity, or the near threat and terror of it. Lucretius is "the first of demoniacs" laboring under "the frenzy of an earth-born or a hell-born inspiration." Shelley is "a lunatic angel" whose intellect was "already ruined before the light of manhood had cleansed its darkness." As if the light of manhood were not that light of lights, the light of reason. Goethe, indeed, he dares not denominate insane; but his escape is an accident; had Goethe been called upon to face tribulation and grief, he must surely have repeated "the mixed and moody character of his father." His natural mind was "corrupted and clouded"; and this because he regarded his Maker not with awe but curiosity. Strange amalgam of piety and venom mixed is this impotent assault; yet an utterance to study and from which to learn. In phrases that mingle like the classic figures from a frieze, or the interlacing of lovely foliage, he says these vain things. The rationalist—whether poet, philosopher, or artist—must endure his jewelled scourge; and it is interesting to mark how other inspired stylists have displayed a like intolerance. Milton, De Quincey, Ruskin—what remembered music haunts their names; yet who shall say that even in their gardens are not fruits of dust and flowers without sweetness. Milton may truly be forgiven, for he lived at a time when faith demanded blind allegiance to slay the rot at a nation's heart; but for Ruskin I conceive no excuse. His page is blotted with the narrow bitterness of personal disappointment and the unreasoning wrath of fanaticism. When he speaks of Science and the august name of Darwin, again I see the little convolvulus—a frail and fleeting shadow against the deep-rooted strength of forest trees.

De Quincey was my familiar friend through boyhood and beyond it. How often have I slept with him beneath

my pillow! And I can grasp a little of his morbid suffering in the eternal struggle for perfection of utterance; I can share a part of his æsthetic torment over cacophony, redundancy, obscurity, and all the thousand minute delicacies and subtleties of resonance and dissonance, accent and cæsura that only a De Quincey's ear appreciates and seeks to achieve or evade. How many care for these fine things to-day? How many are concerned if De Quincey uses a word with the long "a" sound, or spends a sleepless night in his endeavor to find another with the short "a," that shall at once answer his purpose and crown his sentence with harmony? Who lovingly examine the great artist's methods now, dip into the secret of his mystery, and weigh verb against adjective, vowel against consonant, that they may a little understand the unique splendor of this prose? And who, when an artist is the matter, attempt to measure his hopes as well as his attainments or praise a noble ambition perhaps shining through faulty attempt? How many, even among those who write, have fathomed the toil and suffering, the continence and self-denial of our great artists in words? This rises in a measure from the common confusion of thought that puts prose and poetry in antithesis, whereas it is a mere platitude to say that poetry is not a form, but an element common to prose and verse alike. We forget that some of the greatest prose in the language is poetry, and while we shrewdly examine the measure and plan of verse, too often overlook the workmanship of great prose, too often underestimate the cost to the artist.

Oh, "average reader," would that I could waken you into a higher ambition and a truer perception touching the business of art. If, for example, before tumbling through your next box of story-books from Mudie's, you would take Aristotle from his dark corner, shake him, dust him, open him, and ponder the "Poetics"! There are, indeed, those who hold that this master-spirit cannot be proved to contain all the truth, and that upon high art

and its infinite horizons he is no longer the paramount sum; but he will more than suffice your purpose and the purposes of those who write for you. Consider a moment what he requires and determine with yourself that you also need these qualities and must obtain them. You probably dislike tragedy. You choose rather that everything shall end happily in your story-books, "because in real life everything does not do so." Too well I know your dreadful arguments! But why do you, who are a truthful soul in your life and in your relations with your kind, tell me to lie to you and weave the thing that is not, because in your hour of leisure you refuse to look upon the thing that is? Do you, readers of the magazines, perceive the insult you put on those who write them? No, no, you neither perceive nor understand. But just for this one evening, to oblige me, wrestle with the great Greek and try to comprehend. Consider what a tragedy means. He will tell you. His six essentials in that sort are Plot, Character, and Diction, Thought, Scenery, and Song. They go to every great story now as then; now as then it is necessary, if a man dare profess and call himself artist, that he shall fight and toil to weld these ingredients in one balanced, perfect unity, so that from his revelation of life there shall spring like a dawn within the reader's soul that salutary *katharsis*—the solemn, purifying principle wrought of pity and of fear. That is man's work! And it is for you to demand it from the story-tellers who call themselves men. Comedy likewise may well be called to bear these six essentials, and had the mighty mind of Aristotle thrown light on that art also, he had perchance demanded not only those qualities, but also shown how, instead of fear and pity, our high comedy in its supreme expression must touch the human heart to tolerance, lift it to love, and warm it with great, sane laughter, such as Rabelais and Cervantes awakened in the world.

Now, "average reader," your work is cut out for you if you are going to apply one poor span of the Aristotelian

standard to your modern fiction either of the stage or bookstall; and I warn you to be patient. We who write your tales cannot meet you in a moment with better art. Expect no immediate masterpieces from us; look for no Greek grandeur, Latin beauty, Elizabethan humanity in the autumn lists of 1905, because they will not be there; but develop a desire in yourself towards these things; survey your own contemptible requirements and cease to be content; observe that your abject taste in fiction redounds neither to your credit nor to the advancement of high art—nor any sort of art at all.

Lastly, be short and sharp with those who guide you in this matter; explain to the critics that they too must seek their prototypes in the company of the bygone great and call for a loftier note and nobler ideals; that they must shake us from our slumber and blow Aristotle's trumpet in our ears; that they must put a period to the ceaseless, thin rattle of their unconsidered praise and henceforth pay our mediocrity with the scorn of silence. Be swift, or surely our self-respect must perish.

And then—think of it! you are an "average reader" no more; and they are "average critics" no more; and we shall need swiftly to mend our ways, or follow our feeble stories and vulgar puppets, our mean diction, sentimentality, and nebulous thinking down into the dust of oblivion, where such offences properly belong.

But as well may De Quincey, with his foam of fine phrasing, endeavor to splash the marble front of Goethe; as well may my little convolvulus attempt to strangle the life out of the tree that carries her aloft, as any word of mine seek to teach our "average reader" that real story-telling is toil for strong men and women, not a tawdry burlesque of life spun by mental weaklings to help him through a leisure hour, to assist his digestion after dinner or kill his time in the train. No, it is vain to appeal to his understanding until we have educated it. We must teach him; he cannot help us; and to lift him it is necessary first that we lift

ourselves. To despise him is folly; to chide him is unreasonable. Deny his hungry demand for trash—that is the wiser way. Elect a Parliament of Letters and suffer nothing calling itself a novel to reach our "average reader" until authority has passed it! Give him what is better far than the rubbish he cries for. Look to it that he shall have from you what your other children have: the thing they need, not the thing they want; and that you may the better judge for him, stand back a little from the rush and hurry; scan the old roads; keep higher literary company yourself; adjust your self-estimates and your perspective by study of the great of yesterday, not comparison with the small of to-day.

For we stand at a significant point in time. The dawn of a new age of thought is flushing the sky; the older order fades, the old faith, creatress of so much glorious work, now dies the natural death of all faiths that have strengthened the feet and lifted the hearts of men through their appointed centuries. Truth is crowned, and the trumpets of her ministers, Science and Reason, proclaim her. In these high moments of change let the lamp-bearers cling close to their sacred torches; cherish the flame against storm and tempest, and keep clear their ancient altar fires even though they cannot keep them bright. Then the great unborn—those who follow to expand their genius in conditions of culture, tolerance, and knowledge we know not—shall say, even of this our time, that despite perishing principles and decaying conventions, despite false teaching, false triumphs, and false taste, there were yet those who strove for the immemorial grandeur of their calling, who pandered to no temptation from without or from within, who followed none of the great world-voices, were dazzled by none of the great world-lights, and used their gift as stepping-stone to no meaner life; but clear-eyed and patient, neither elated nor cast down, still lifted the lamp as high as their powers allowed, still pursued art singly for her own immortal sake.

Two Books of Song

By EDITH M. THOMAS

MORE than once has occasion been taken by us to lament, that modern priestesshood at the altar of Eros has, for the most part, uttered itself only in strains of a banal and shallow eroticism, —fit subject for grief, for anger, for caustic reprehension. On the precinct of this perilous theme the votaress would do well to recall the successive legends read by Britomart on the doors of approach to Busyrane's enchanted *penetralia*: "Be bold, be bold, and, everywhere, be bold"—but, also, upon a third iron door,—"Be not too bold." This is, perhaps, but to say, the votaress of Eros in song too often lacks inner delicate discretion, while fully equipped as to valor—"in the gross!" In receiving these "Last Poems,"* we have the mournful pleasure of indicating one who, as lover and as woman of genius, most nearly fulfilled the measure of requisitions needful in serving at the altar before mentioned. For, so it seems to us, the flame leaped upon that altar in clear corroboration of her vocation, whatever phase in the drama of woman's love-experience was touched upon by the art of Laurence Hope. Here, we may claim, if anywhere in our modern day, was the true inheritor of the Sapphic fervor, of the Sapphic song,—and, shall we not add, of the Sapphic catastrophe! Indeed, this last event (but lately of tragic accomplishment), we may regard as clearly foreshadowed in the pathetic "Dedication" to that love of a lifetime, without whom life proved a burden too heavy to be born. Wrung from the heart of this passionate singer in "Vishnu Land," are these sobbing yet prophetic words:

Small joy was I to thee; before we met
Sorrow had left thee all too sad to save.
Useless my love—as vain as this regret
—That pours my helpless life across thy grave.

As in a "book of hours," may one

*"Last Poems. Translations from the Book of Indian Love." By Laurence Hope. John Lane Co.

read the varying moods and forms of devotion (recorded by this now-silenced priestess of the altar), wherein a woman's heart may spend itself upon the object beloved. Its concentrated brevity permits us to cite the following example—yet it is but one among many of like gems scattered through these pages:

Talk not, my Lord, of unrequited love,
Since love requites itself most royally.
Do we not live but by the sun above,
And takes he any heed of thee or me?
Though in my firmament thou wilt not shine,
Thy glory as a Star is none the less.
Oh, Rose, though all unplucked by hand of mine,
Still am I debtor to thy loveliness.

Mr. Routh has, so it seems to us, made the proverbial "move in the right direction," in his choice of theme,—the theme being drawn from our own Occident, the Mexico of pre-European time, shimmering in the distance of Aztec mythological antiquity. The author of "The Fall of Tollan"* displays considerable aptitude in his wifling of blank verse, and a fair degree of the ability to "visualize" the scene which he has set, in this "prickly garden," as it were, of a lapsed civilization in our mid-continent. He is, thus, able, at times, to make us possess, with him a "storied moment"—yet not at all times! He has achieved this, for example, in such a bit of description as the following, where the slaves serving the feast in "Great Tollan," are seen like "flashes of radiant-plumed birds," as they appear and vanish,

Bearing upon their shoulders swart great bowls
Of checkered clay, smoking with forest game,
And figured silver flagons in which foamed
Brown beaten chocolate and Maguay wine.

But he has sadly missed the desired impressiveness—in such figures as the following, "The timid evening star trips softly forth," and "A crafty, dim, and dangerous basilisk smile."

*"The Fall of Tollan." By James Edward Routh, Jr. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

The Editor's Clearing-House

On the Decay of Honor

Although nobody would deny the charge if properly attacked, it is a truism that only you may call yourself a liar with impunity. This is essentially the same position assumed by a table-companion of mine who, when loudly so proclaimed by a neighbor, used to hush him up with the deft, flattering observation that there were only a few in the secret. So long as the recording angels—our immediate relatives—are kept too busy to talk over affairs with the rest of the guild, we are complacent and lofty observers of this absurd world. We do not care for honor, we care for reputation; and when love of the semblance has supplanted the love of the thing itself, people become shadow-shapes and life a sham.

The false estimate put on the value of the objects of our aim is responsible for most of the misery of our modern, artificial life. From the vulgar desire always to occupy the orchestra stall when the proper place for us would be a flight higher if we consulted our real not our actual purse, to the more deceptive desire always to be seen with "nice" people, one can ring all the changes leading from folly to knavery. Mere display amuses us who are prudent and color-blind; but are we so superior who are silently trembling lest Mrs. Hoax discover that we, too, have not read the novel which evokes our complete sympathy with her ardor? We excuse our ambition for high esteem by the plea that we do not wish to hurt the feelings of others; thus is much Christianity put to the secret blush. Where, now, lies the capital fallacy? In believing that the most obvious and human form of honor—honesty—is a matter of gift not of cultivation. The commonest and severest comment on the morals of the rest of us is the fact that an honest man is always a "crank," "freak," or "traitor." We generally regard the man who tells the truth as a born fool; we shake our heads dolefully and with large, com-

passionate eyes question heaven why he was allowed to find the light of day. We join the crowd and heap the outcast with abusive pity and think ourselves magnanimous that we allow him "well-meaning!" We are slaves to numbers. Democracy has infatuated us with our own sufficiency. Evil itself has been reasoned away until that which distinguishes the "mass of citizens," whose prophet is the public print, is *per se* desirable. Life to-day is so comfortable, so seductive, so conducive to non-resistance that we do not wish to starve following the lone voice of honesty crying in the wilderness of cities.

We are dishonest by choice. In the abstract, *i. e.*, on Sundays, we are formidable champions of righteousness. At the safe distance of centuries we laud and love Savonarola or Luther or Milton; but let a man openly swear at the church and press of our day, fagots are on their way from San Francisco and New Orleans, express prepaid. Such is the fact of private experience. Low as are private morals, those of assemblies are notoriously lower. Nobody doubts that there is not one legislature in the length and breadth of the land which is not corrupt. But just announce what any corporation manager will tell you and what a storm of indignation becomes articulate. Or if you feel that you have insulted the State by doubting the veracity of knaves, will you be consoled at the spectacle of the workingman? The uplifted arm that fails to fall because the whistle has sounded "Time!" might well be the symbol of labor's honor. The job well done, the contract carefully executed are the exception. Ask a workingman why and how he does a given portion of your veranda; tools are dropped and the boss consulted as to whether the work ought to go on.

Already the blighting effect of this indifference of adults to honor is having its way with the youngster. You may win over, but you cannot convince

a pupil that it is dishonest to copy another's paper or accept his prompting. The boy knows how his mother has read as her own before her Investigating Club a learned address written by a more fortunate neighbor. A textbook in common use recently in our high schools treats with relish of the humor of the situation the fact that Washington Irving was wont to write compositions for lads who did his sums. And few are the mature men of to-day who have not a large stock of stories over which, to their everlasting dishonor, they linger with open delight. Who of us is ignorant that the crib is the cradle of the classics? If a fellow passes his examination, he gloats over the vindication of his honor!

Just here lies the secret of the whole matter. We are too prone to judge by results. Success is our touchstone of morals. Montaigne tells of the Persian's answer to those who marvelled that so wise a man's counsels should meet with such ill results: the master of his counsels was himself, but of the results, fortune. We are not very different from that marvelling Persian crowd. We have simply carried the wonderment to its logical conclusion. Because results are in the hands of chance, because people ask what we have done or acquired, not how, we become careless about the means and sacrifice honor to glory. We have not merely discounted the old adage that honesty is the best policy; America disproves it daily. And yet we ought not to regret the passing of so commercial a motto.

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

What He Craved

"G. G. A.," a contributor to *Good Housekeeping*, writes a story called "A Young Wife's Confession," which needs renaming. It should be called "A Young Bachelor's Obsession." This G. G. A. is by no means a wife, young or old, nor even a husband, but some lad unacquainted with the details of household work, and imbued with the ideals of the eighteenth century. Here we have "a sensitive, high-spirited woman of twenty-five," "drawing a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year,

dressing and living well," who presently marries "a clerk whose hours were long and whose income was fifteen dollars a week," of which he paid half for rent of a five-room flat. This person is described as being "a man good and true as steel, who would have made a splendid husband for the right woman"; and it becomes presently apparent that the right woman for him was a Dutch housemaid, a two-hundred-and-sixty-dollar-a-year woman—"and found." He "craved a little well-cared-for corner which would be a home in every sense of the word, presided over by a systematic, cheerful, and contented little woman who would have made it and him her pride. Such a woman would have been his queen *and would have been treated as one.*" The italics are mine. The word "queen" must have a weird connotation in this man's mind. A female systematically cheerful and content in housework for two and the society of one man may be called "a treasure" in the sense of an invaluable servant—but is scarcely regal.

If Prince Albert, on marrying Queen Victoria, had been able to confine her labors, interests, and "pride" to housework and to him he might by some intellectual acrobatics have still considered her as "his queen"; but could hardly have persuaded himself—or her—that she was treated as such. The sinful heroine of this masterly tale seems to regret giving up \$1500 a year, work she liked, association, and general respect, for half of \$780 and solitary confinement to a two-hundred-and-sixty-dollar-woman job.

In order to add to his black picture this callow youth describes a practical and experienced business woman of twenty-five as going around "with hair uncombed, shoes-unbuttoned, and clad in a wrapper none too clean." Just why the brisk neatness essential to years of business success should have thus sunk to shame is not explained—why be too precise in one's psychology on a subject one knows nothing about?

This angel of unselfishness, who had cheerfully allowed the woman who loved him to give up \$1110 a year and

undertake distasteful labor for his personal service (subtract half of \$780 from \$1500 for above loss), is remarkably patient under her evil behavior.

He was unflinching in his cheerful kiss at going and coming, never complained of her errors and omissions, helped wash the dishes at night, and on Sundays turned to and cleaned the flat. After a long time of this voiceless virtue the worm turned one day, and went so far as to suggest that this offensive woman clean her teeth (one wonders in vain why she had discontinued this bit of personal hygiene), comb her hair, and put on a fresh wrapper. This was his first criticism in two years. For two years this unusually able woman (for not every working girl can command her previous salary) had spent every day and all day in a dirty wrapper, doing nothing but read novels. Stung to the quick by this comment on his part, she first weeps from 7.45 till nearly 11 A.M., at the same time planning her campaign. And it was a campaign. We now see something of the dormant capacity once worth \$1500. No mere charwoman, no housemaid; no ordinary wife—or queen—could accomplish what she did when really aroused. Here is the campaign:

I cleaned the ceiling, the walls, the floors; and washed the windows, put up fresh curtains, and blacked the range, scoured the sink and the ice-box, rearranged the pantries, put clean linen on the table, and did what I had never done before—sewed a button on the band of his shirt and darned a pair of socks.

By this time, says this guileless pretender of "A Young Wife," "it was late,"

Late! It would have been late next day. Does this man really imagine that housework is a kind of witchcraft, requiring only "a little wife well-willed" and it is done? Has he no faintest conception of the hours of time and foot-pounds of strength required to do a piece of house-cleaning like that—even by an expert? And here is this limp sloven, rising in a burst of genius after two years' solid idleness, and doing this miracle between 11 A.M. and—"late"! She still has time to bathe, comb her hair, clean her teeth and nails

(the previous condition of this whilom successful business woman is revolting to think of), put on the dress he liked best and a clean white apron. Then she prepared the daintiest supper she knew how.

But alas! Her supernatural energy deserted her when it was all over and he had come home—so proud and pleased that the queen had got to work at last!—and she was cross.

Time passes. Presently two babies arrive, and the husband getting "a raise" of "just double his former salary," which is about what she got before, they move into the suburbs. He remains an angel—never a vice appears—no touch of temper or criticism; he simply took himself off evenings, and after eight years this "clever and brainy woman" "noticed the growing indifference and began to realize that his love for me was dying."

This person's previous position must have been that of companion to an idiot. No—it says she was employed by "one of the most prominent corporations in the United States,"—and there is no syndicate of Insane Asylums yet, that I know of.

Having grasped this astonishing fact, our intelligent friend "spent the most of a day trying to grasp Walter's idea of the ideal wife and mother."

It does seem as if she could have got hold of it sooner. It was by no means abstruse. All the man "craved," as he repeatedly said, was cleanliness and quiet, and,—yes, cheerfulness. He was not ambitious—not in the least exacting. If he had only had a little more money he would have been perfectly satisfied with a Chinaman. Chinese help is clean, quiet, and cheerful—economical, too, and does not mind monotony.

The good man is really to be pitied for his inability to compass so simple an ideal. On fifteen dollars a week one can hardly afford to give even three dollars for a servant, board two, pay rent, and all the rest. No—he was poor, and he must have a wife or no servant at all. Why he should have selected one so expensive and inexpert is the only mystery—he was surely

thoughtless in his choice. Having made it he stuck to it manfully; and after eight years his patience was rewarded. She reformed. She grasped, after an all-day effort, this great Ideal, and strove to attain it. And, in course of time she did. After earnest and prolonged effort she learned to clean her teeth, to comb her hair, to wear clean clothes—even to decorate a little occasionally.

She learned, being "a clever and brainy woman," to sweep and dust and wash and iron and cook and sew and take care of the children. "Every move became a labor of love," she says proudly—not moving the household goods to another domicile, but just moving around in the house.

The ever-virtuous husband responded with ardor, and they proceeded to enjoy an interrupted honeymoon; but, as the young wife wisely says, it would not be safe to put most men to so long a test.

There are two ways in which all this painful difficulty might have been avoided. One is for the noble-minded young man who wanted a queen to have gone to the nearest intelligence office and hired one on trial. If, as it

appears, he could not have afforded this, he should have chanced it and married one outright—he could hardly have slipped up on it worse than he did. Or he could have got a job as an iceman and satisfied himself as to royal capacity in many a kitchen before he committed himself.

The other way is so simple that we wonder neither this unselfish and devoted husband nor the uncommonly able woman thought of it.

She should have kept her job. Then they would have had \$2280 a year. A five-dollar servant, with three dollars a week more allowed for her board and room, and five dollars a month more for rent, would have raised their expenses from his \$780 to \$1256. They would thus have a clear \$1024 a year to lay up against the coming of the babies. With a contribution like this to the family funds perhaps the young wife would have preserved her self-respect, worn something other than a wrapper, and cleaned her teeth with gratifying regularity.

But this ideal husband did not want an able coadjutor. He wanted a—queen!

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

Irving

By O. C. AURINGER

THE New World's first great humorist and the best,

Irving, sleeps out his slow half-century—

Our arch-retainer of humanity,

Lord of the courts of laughter in the West.

Now England's Minster gathers to her breast

The English Irving;—last and greatest he

Of such as ruled the realm of tragedy,

In that long line to mimic art addressed.

What bonds then broke!—what laughter and what tears

That hour ran mingling on the unseen shore

When Irving Irving met!—oh dream not so;

But know them, full revealed, among their peers,

Stripped of the masks that here in time they wore,

Heart-sweet and whole in Heaven's unclouded glow.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

BELLES LETTRES

Birrell—In the Name of the Bodleian, and Other Essays. By Augustine Birrell. Scribner, \$1.00.

The title essay in this graceful little bundle by the author of "Obiter Dicta" is by no means the easy chief of the lot. While doing justice to Sir Thomas Bodley, there is not that loving, affectionate intimacy with the library itself which would show that the writer had ever been among the faithful haunts of the dusty, musty place. Yet that is an apt suggestion of his, that a new benefactor could do as excellent service to this "glorious foundation" as did Sir Thomas Bodley. Very complete, too, is Mr. Birrell's picture of that public-spirited gentleman, and his deft manner of handling his theme, in brief yet with justice to the subject, ought to induce some one to hearken to the statement that fresh gifts would be very timely. Not long ago a reader from this side the sea, impressed by the hospitality and by the poverty of the Bodleian, wrote from its own recesses to the greatest giver of libraries that the world has ever seen, begging him to turn his thoughts for a moment from the reading public to this treasure house of the English-speaking race. Into the mists of Scotland the bold petition travelled, and no response ever journeyed back again. Perhaps a kind Fate may cause that library-lover's hand to open this volume and Mr. Birrell's words may strike home.

Pleasant are the sketches in some of the other essays, based, as a rule, on some event or other. But even when written as book reviews there is a note that promises longer life to the words than that of mere criticism. Arthur Young, for example, has here a re-introduction to the public, who may read this without taking the whole autobiography that inspired it and it will perhaps be wise enough for his purpose. So with the others. They are very illuminating.

Brewster—Representative Essays on the Theory of Style. Chosen and Edited by William T. Brewster. Macmillan. \$1.10.

A collection of essays, lectures, etc., in which the subject of literary style is discussed by certain of its masters—Newman, De Quincey, Spencer, Lewes, Stevenson, Pater, and Fred-eric Harrison. The book is intended primarily for students of rhetoric, but there are few professional writers whose work might not be the better for a careful reading of any one of these papers.

Crosland—The Wild Irishman. By T. W. H. Crosland. Appleton. \$1.50.

The author of this book is of those who come to scoff and remain to pray. One expects of him bitter sarcasm and finds on the whole kindly appreciation. The Irishman is apparently a more decent fellow than the Scotsman in Mr. Crosland's opinion. Ireland needs, in

fact, to get rid of the Scots who have settled there. Then there would be a chance for Irish virtues to develop. These virtues are precisely the reverse of those with which the race has usually been credited. As a dealer in paradox Mr. Crosland can do no less than say this. There is some truth in paradox, and when we are told that excess of morality in one direction may mean excess of criminality in another, we are willing to believe it. Similarly Irish humor may have been over-estimated. Mr. Crosland's satiric comments upon the Neo-Celtic movement are timely and salutary. A country afflicted with that is surely "most distressful."

Howells—London Films. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. Harper. \$2.25 net.

These are not mere snapshots at scenes in the greatest of the world's great cities, for Mr. Howells is very much at home in London, and what he sees there to-day is colored more or less vividly by his recollections of what he observed on his first visit and later ones. He by no means disdains to treat of hackneyed themes, and a large majority of his readers will enjoy the book none the less for this reason. It is the obvious and familiar, not the recondite, that charms most people sojourning in London; and the greater number of these films record sights that are more or less vividly impressed on the retina of almost every American visitor to the City of Cities. The author's style, here as elsewhere, is lucidity itself; and for this reason, as for others, it is interesting to compare these impressions of a distinguished American novelist revisiting England, with those of another eminent American fiction writer who is now recording the effect upon his mind of a brief sojourn here after long residence abroad.

Symons—Spiritual Adventures. By Arthur Symons. Dutton. \$2.50 net.

In reviewing an English book, the American critic is in a dilemma which is not readily overcome. He must needs revert his mind to the greater literary traditions of the mother country, and an English volume, irrespective of its merit, trailing ever so faint a light of the national glory, necessarily throws a little dust in the somewhat critical eye of the bookman. But in the volume before us we have rather less difficulty, as these stories, half a dozen in all, belong to a school rather than a country: the school of the Decadents, unfortunately. It is Mr. Symons's simple and forceful style, with its delicate psychic touches, combined with his really great gift for the vital story, which disarms our criticism of his philosophy. "Esther Kahn" is perhaps the most wholesome of these haunting stories, having a definite culmination in the creation of the artist through suffering. But, on the whole, "The Death of Peter Waydelin" is the achievement of the book, in the tragedy and realistic horror of its setting. Mr. Symons

has fulfilled his genius in this style of work. His attitude towards the gentler sex is best expressed by himself in these lines from his "Christian Trevalga." "To live with a woman, thought Christian, in the same house, the same room with her, is as if the keeper were condemned to live by day and sleep by night in the wild beast's cage. It is to be on one's guard every minute, to apprehend always the claws behind the caressing softness of their padded coverings, to be continually ready to amuse one's dangerous slave with one's life for the forfeit. The strain of it, the trial to the nerves, the temper! it was not to be thought of calmly. He looked around him and saw all the other keepers of these ferocious, uncertain creatures, wearing out their lives in the exciting companionship: and a dread of women took the place of his luxurious indifference." One is tempted to quote more of Mr. Symons because of the fascination of the style, and a certain truthfulness in the theme, but it must be admitted that we hope for him in the future a broader and cheerier philosophy when he has reinforced his knowledge of the sensual woman with a deeper knowledge of the spiritual woman.

BIOGRAPHY

Macfall—Whistler: Butterfly, Wasp, Wit, etc.
By Haldane Macfall. Edinburgh: T. N. Foulis. 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d.

A biographical and critical essay of ten thousand words or less, set off with half-tone reproductions of etchings of this "Londoner to the bone."

Vignaud—Vie de Colomb. Par Henri Vignaud.
Paris: H. Welter; New York: Lemcke & Buchner. \$3.00.

An octavo of over 500 pages, consisting of essays on the origins of the discoverer's family, the date of his birth, his voyage to the North, his settlement in Portugal, his marriage, and other topics more or less closely related to these. The learned Secretary of the American Embassy in Paris has long been known as a high authority on all matters pertaining to the personality and the achievements of Columbus, and his reputation will be greatly strengthened by the publication of this volume.

FICTION

Chamblin—Lady Bobs, Her Brother, and I.
A Romance of the Azores. By Jean Chamblin. Putnam. \$1.25.

"An obscure actress," without "talent enough for success, or vanity enough for failure," seeking rest and a place where she can "fight it out with herself," finds herself embarked, at Brooklyn, on the *Dona Maria*—her destination the Azores. To her friend Nora she writes a series of letters briefly describing the voyage, and telling at greater length of what she sees and experiences in a little visited but most picturesque corner of the globe. Unless the actress were a born writer, the publication of her correspondence would interest

no one but herself and Nora. As it happens, however, she has a facile and humorous pen, and her letters are literature. Her voyage to the Portuguese islands, her sightseeing trips when she reaches them, and her unforeseen meeting with Lady Bobs's brother (an old flame), and its romantic sequel—these furnish the material for a very fresh and entertaining story. There is a fanciful frontispiece in color and half-tone photographs confirm the author's well-sketched verbal pictures of a romantic and unhackneyed region.

Goodloe—At the Foot of the Rockies. By Carter Goodloe. Scribner. \$1.50.

A group of capital stories of life at a military post in the Northwest Territories—a Mounted Police detachment in Alberta. English (and colonial-English) soldiers and civilians, including women and children, and a sprinkling—or rather more than a sprinkling—of red Indians, are the *dramatis personae* of these tales. Good as the stories are in themselves, they have gained much in the telling; for Miss Goodloe has just the right dramatic and artistic touch, knowing as well what to omit as what to include, in treating the episodes that furnish the material for her sketches.

Harrison—The Carlyles. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Appleton. \$1.50.

In her latest novel, Mrs. Harrison has not given us an "international romance" in the sense in which that phrase is understood nowadays—though there is more or less in it about the Confederate colony in Paris after the Civil War. It is, instead, a story of North and South immediately after the Rebellion, the scene opening in Richmond on the day the Unionist forces entered the burning city. The Carlyles are old-line Southerners, whose patriotism is none the less pure and ardent for being sectional; and one feels that the hero and the heroine's father—Carlyles both—are sketched from life. Having made which remark, one has a moment's misgivings as to whether "Mona" Carlyle and her gallant cousin "Lance" are the heroine and hero after all, rather than Cecil Dare and Donald Lyndsay. However this may be, there is no doubt as to the charm of the book and the accuracy of the picture it presents of certain aspects of post-bellum life in Dixie.

Mott—Jules of the Great Heart. By Lawrence Mott. Century. \$1.50.

A striking story of a French-Canadian trapper of a century or so ago, who makes a long and on the whole a losing fight with the factors and trappers of the Hudson Bay Company in the far Northwest. Jules Verbaux is a man of great strength and courage and adroitness, not free from human passions, but kindly and magnanimous. His wife has been stolen away from him, and this is the story, with "incidental divertissements," of his weary but at last successful search for her. It is strong, imaginative, and picturesque, and as the first work of a very young writer deserves to be specially noted. The dialect—a *milange* of French-English and English—

French—is about the thorniest we have ever had to cope with, and is likely to discourage many readers. We miss the striking illustrations of Schoonover that accompanied such of the chapters of the book as appeared in *The Century*, though one of them serves as a frontispiece.

Wright—Where Copper was King. By James North Wright. Small, Maynard. \$1.50.

In the guise of a novel, a former Superintendent of the Calumet and Hecla mine describes the life of the mining folk who did such fruitful pioneer work in the upper peninsula of Michigan some forty years ago. The total amount paid in by original holders of the stock of this copper-mining company was \$12 per share, the value of each of its shares is now about \$700, and it has paid out over \$90,000,000 in dividends. These facts have given the property an extraordinary reputation, and will attract attention to a book about the mine by one of the directors of the company. It should be said, however, that the story is not, in any sense, an advertisement. The real name of the mine is not used, and the figures given above are not derived from this source.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL

Bigelow—The German Struggle for Liberty. By Poultney Bigelow. Harper. \$2.25. Vol. IV.

The fourth volume on the attempts to obtain constitutional liberty in Germany covers the period of the Revolution of 1848. It contains the same slap-dash miscellaneous kind of matter as do its three predecessors, and does not deserve, any more than they, to be ranked as history according to any established canon, nor as literature if grace of style and a clear thread of consecutive narrative are to be regarded as necessary. The book may be described as a series of composite photographs of certain participants in the mid-nineteenth-century events based on any radical opinion that could be caught in various haphazard snapshots.

It could hardly be understood without reference to other books if the reader were new to the subject, so that it can be of little use to a new generation by itself if they would gain a comprehension of the part played by the characters herein depicted with a slashing journalistic pencil. Readable as parts of Mr. Bigelow's "history" are, the whole cannot be regarded as a serious contribution to the literature on Germany.

Curtis—India. By William Eleroy Curtis. Revell. \$2.00.

The modern maker of descriptive books of observation does not travel like Caesar, who swam to shore with his manuscript in his mouth. It is in Pullman palace-car or luxurious "Wagon-Lit," or on ocean greyhound, that this owner and daily user of a type-writing machine lives, moves, and has his being. From observation to keyboard he arrives before the evening meal. He posts his letter to Chicago before Lyra has passed zen-

ith. Then, on native *terra-firma*, he revises, reads proof; and, behold, a book! But, as hot cakes and syrup are relishable, so we confess to enjoying Mr. Curtis's quick, photographic style. Besides, he tells us much that most books leave out. He helps us to adjust traditional notions to present-day reality. Jewelled India, with the various courses and strata in its civilization, its "varieties of religious experience," its jungles of dogma, its forests of idols, with the show and throng of the bazar, are all here on his pages, indeed, but Mr. Curtis is also an inquiring Yankee. He goes beyond the mirror. He reveals. He criticises. We admire things American, especially American women, more than ever. Our patriotism warms. Yet he tells us also that native princes are not mere puppets. They not only rule, but govern. They care for their people. With much to criticise in the past, British administration is noble, practical, successful, and worthy of study by American statesmen. Which of Asiatic lands would most fascinate the scholar and tempt to long residence the man who loves to solve problems? Egypt, India, China, Japan? After reading Mr. Curtis's book we answer without faltering, "India." It is the London among countries.

Humphrey—The Indian Dispossessed. By Seth K. Humphrey. Little, Brown. \$1.50 net.

In effect a sequel, or supplement, to the late Helen Jackson's "A Century of Dishonor." The fact that public attention cannot be effectually drawn to the evils here attacked, save in the form of fiction, is responsible for Mrs. Jackson's having followed up her book of facts with the highly popular novel "Ramona." The present work is illustrated with sixteen photographic portraits.

Joubert—The Truth about the Tsar and the Present State of Russia. By Carl Joubert. Lippincott. \$2.00.

It is not Russia that has gone mad but Tsardom. As autocratic sovereigns, the hours of the Romanoffs are numbered. A constitutional monarchy or the United States of Russia are the only alternatives possible. Such are the opinions of Carl Joubert—who claims to know both the land and the ruler, and who reiterates in this volume the ideas he promulgated in "Russia as It Really Is." Though he acknowledges ignorance among the people, he still accredits clear, well-defined theories of what Russia needs to all classes, educated and uneducated alike. He claims that the great Revolutionary party in Russia is working quietly and steadily toward its goal and accumulating treasures against the day when they will be needed. But this claim was made some months ago. Already the prophecy is a back number, for events have marched fast in the land. Joubert speaks of an explosion like the French Revolution. Already many more victims have fallen in Russia than in the whole period of the French Terror, and the end is not yet.

Much of the Tsar's policy is the fault of the

Dowager, reactionary in the extreme and wholly sympathetic with the measures adopted by Plehve, who, in our author's opinion, met a deserved death. Not pleasant is this picture of mother and son, nor indeed that of the whole realm riddled with treasonable thought and plots against the monarch,—a monarch who refused to avert the dire catastrophe menacing his dynasty. Journalistic in style, the book is interesting because at this moment everything connected with the subject attracts attention. Even if only half its statements are true, it is still worth reading,—now when the fate of the weak, dreaming monarch is still in the balance, and when it is still a question whether the moujiks are fitted for self-government as the author thinks.

Reed—The Brother's War. By John C. Reed. Little, Brown, & Co. \$2.00.

Certain subjects have fallen into accepted lines, and phrases used in their regard have become merely conventional signs indicating the speaker's point of view without rousing new thoughts to activity in auditors of the same way of thinking. Discussions on the Civil War reveal many such phrases ready for use, often the heritage of those who use them, because the latter were born after the great national experience of the fifties and sixties, but born nevertheless into fixed grooves of opinion. Celebrations like the Garrison Centennial bring out, moreover, reminiscences of anti-slavery agitation, and give the present generation whiffs from an atmosphere of the past and a past with which they are familiar from the literature they have been fed upon. Now to the host of volumes from the Northern point of view is added a new one from the Southern, yet claiming to be wholly dispassionate in its survey of the causes leading up to the Civil War. And this claim must be allowed. Member of a slave-holding family, Mr. Reed fought through the war as a devoted son of Georgia, an ardent believer in the Confederacy, and convinced from theory and from experience that the negroes were an inferior race, suited only to a life of dependence upon Caucasians. Furthermore, he held that the Africans were most fortunate in their forced immigration to America. With a record that might easily rank him among the unreconstructed, he certainly gives honor to both sides with marvellous impartiality. It is a very honest book, and the reader cannot help admiring the writer for his justice toward his late foes in a conflict still vivid to his memory. But his words springing from his

point of view remind us that it is an alien one to all our traditions. Appreciation for the Ku-Klux Klan, for example, has a strangely unfamiliar sound, as have, too, his phrases in regard to slavery. The author does not confine himself to the causes of the war, causes wherein the actors, to his mind, were moved by much higher than the apparent reasons. His last chapters are devoted to the present, and his conclusions are (1) that both sides were right in the war; (2) that slavery was a curse to the slaveholders and a blessing to the slaves; (3) that the condition of the negroes in the South at the present, excepting the few thousands lifted by Tuskegee and Hampton, is deplorable and menacing to the whole social organism; (4) that the one solution possible, to redeem the error of giving the franchise to the negroes, is to establish the whole race in a state of their own, giving them first territorial government and letting them gradually become equal to other States.

It is a bold proposition, and should, perhaps, receive consideration. Certainly the book deserves attention, whether the proposed solution does or not. It is not exactly well written, but it is distinctly impressionist and first-hand. And in these days of book-making that alone is a pass to the gentle reader.

Munk—Arizona Sketches. By J. A. Munk, M.D. Grafton Press. \$2.00 net.

Nearly twenty-two years ago the author of this book went to Arizona, where, in 1883, his brother had located a cattle ranch for their joint occupation. The southeastern part of the territory is especially familiar to him, his recollections covering the period of the last Indian raid, under Geronimo, in 1885. Since then the Apaches have been no less peaceful than the Pueblos themselves. Dr. Munk's style is wholly lacking in literary finish, but his account of ranch life and other matters in the southwestern corner of the United States teems with interesting facts and photographs.

MISCELLANEOUS

Pulitzer—A Cynic's Meditations. By Walter Pulitzer. Dodge. \$.75

These meditations of an amiable cynic are all in the approved apothegmatic form. "In marriage he who hesitates is bossed." "If woman makes all the trouble in life, it's woman who makes life worth all the trouble." Illustrations and decorative borders make the booklet attractive to the eye.

(For list of books received see third page following)



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